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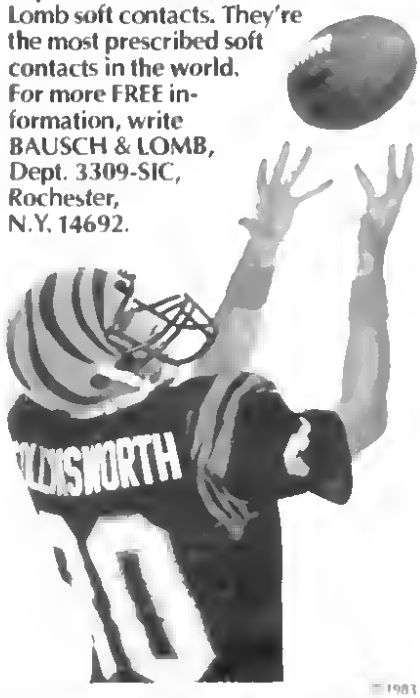

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BAUSCH & LOMB

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

RON MODRA'S TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT SO FAR MODRA

"My goal was always to work for SI. I was obsessed," says Contributing Photographer Ron Modra, whose pictures illustrate the articles on swimmer Julie Ridge (*page 36*) and Pitcher Dan Quisenberry (*page 74*) in this issue.

Well, work for us Ron Modra does, obsessively. He gets to drop by his Manhattan apartment perhaps three times a month. When asked what his favorite assignments have been, he says, "The piece I did on Gary Carter. The one I just finished on John Riggins [for our special football issue in August]. I really enjoyed the one I did with Johan Kriek, and I was thrilled to spend a week with Borg. Oh, and then Martina! They're all great. I guess I can't really tell you—I've enjoyed them all."

Modra was born in Milwaukee, went to Grafton High in that city's suburbs, entered the Army in 1968 and was sent to Vietnam as a private the same year. He completed his tour of duty in 1969 and turned to photography. "My first full-time job was as a photographer for the Cedarburg (Wis.) *News-Graphic*," he says. "I covered mostly sports, and started free-lancing from there." Modra was the Milwaukee Brewers' photographer for seven years, and he did some work for SI before signing on with *Inside Sports* in 1980. We got him back, as a full-timer, in September 1981.

A private person, Modra says, "I tend to keep to myself. I'm interested in taking good pictures." But to do this, a photographer has to establish an almost instant rapport with people—"We don't have the writers' luxury of spending a week with a subject"—and life is thus not without a certain amount of social interaction. For Modra, this has involved being bitten in the leg by Cincinnati Quarterback Ken Anderson's little daughter before the Bengals played in Super Bowl XVI. When we were doing a piece on the Oakland A's outfield last year, Tony Armas, now of the Red Sox, gave Modra a hotfoot and set his pants on fire. In 1982 he was shooting an Alabama football game shortly after a Frank Deford story on Bear Bryant, one that caused some wrath in the South, appeared in SI. The loudspeaker system boomed, "Will Ron Modra of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED please report to the press gate," and 70,000 fans booed lustily. On the flip side, last season the Atlanta Falcons made him up a special jersey, with an F-stop on the back instead of a number, and two weeks ago he got to go catfishing with Riggins. The fishing wasn't so great, but Modra landed—well, more exactly, he "creamed it with something in the boat"—a passing copperhead, which Riggins plans to make into a hatband. All in all, a rich, full life.

But Modra apparently means it when he says he is essentially a private person. Last week he was on the road with Senior Writer Doug Looney. We needed a photograph of Modra himself, so he set it all up and Looney got behind the camera and snapped away, after which they discovered that, for the first time in his career, Modra had forgotten to put in any film.

There is such a thing, Ron, as carrying this privacy business too far.

Robert L. Miller

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ATHLETES. THOSE WHO THINK. AND THOSE WHO LOSE.

The inner game of tennis. The Zen of racquetball. The psych of softball. Not surprisingly, for more and more athletes, the concept of mind-over-matter isn't just the stuff of science fiction.

It can be the difference between winning and losing.

It is, in fact, remarkable what the mind can do. In its darkest recesses lies an uncanny ability for pushing the body to staggering levels of performance.

When a marathoner's body says no at 21 miles, it's the mind that gets him to 26.

When a player needs a perfect ace for match point, the mind can beam a tennis ball into its target with the accuracy of a cruise missile.

Increasingly, the ability to win or lose lies not merely in the ability to use one's body, but in the ability to use one's head.

Not only in the way you play. But in what you play *in* as well.

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Such a shoe is Foot-Joy.

It is no small coincidence, for example, that our Pacifica tennis shoe exposes a dimension of comfort and support previously unknown to the game.

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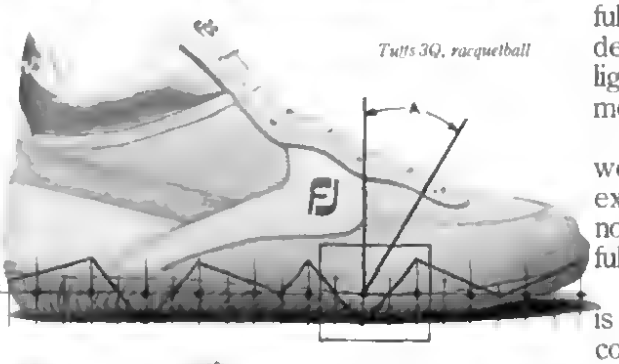

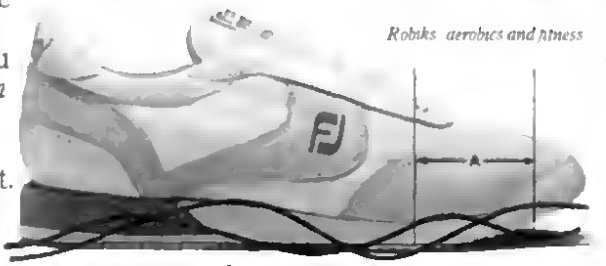

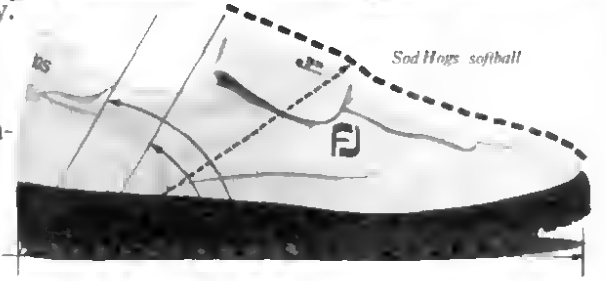

Racquetball, unlike tennis, is a game of sudden and violent movement. Forward. Back. Side to side. Clearly, it does not take a degree in motion dynamics to see that support is paramount in a shoe.

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And though aerobic workouts may not be exactly competitive, there is no less a need for a thoughtfully designed shoe.

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All of which leads us to a rather obvious corollary: the performance you get out of a shoe is not all in your head.

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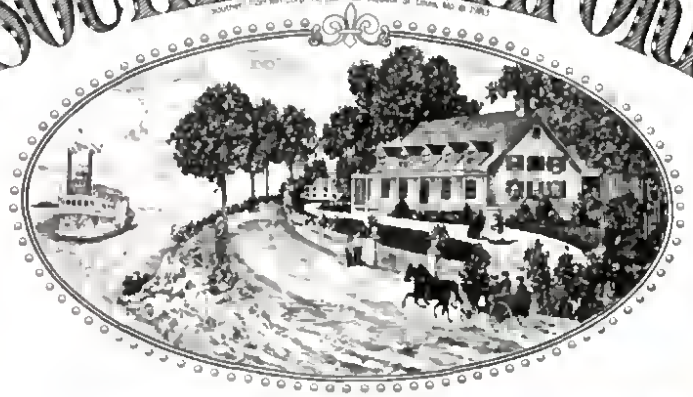

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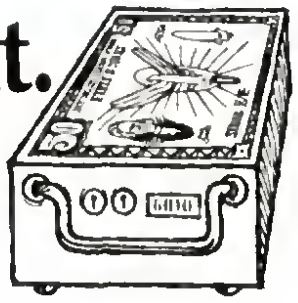

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

CHECKING OUT THE BIGGEST RACKETS OF ALL ON THE MEN'S PRO TENNIS TOUR

By turns, Michael Mewshaw's *Short Circuit* (Atheneum, $13.95) is a hilarious, naive, incisive, stylish book that deserves being summed up in a single word: important. Anyone with a stake or merely an interest in tennis should read it.

An American now living in Rome with his wife and two sons, Mewshaw has a Ph.D. in literature from the University of Virginia, has written five novels and has earned Fulbright and Guggenheim Fellowships and a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. In February 1982 he decided to indulge his love for tennis by spending six months on the men's professional tour, starting in Genoa, continuing on to Strasbourg, Milan, Nice, Monte Carlo, the Italian Open, the French Open, Wimbledon and finishing at the U.S. Open, with a side trip to a round of Davis Cup play, in Rome.

On this first level—a look at the fun, games and personalities on the tour—*Short Circuit* is a neat, readable travelogue, studded with trenchant observations and a novelist's insights. There are finely tuned, biting vignettes of a hostile Ivan Lendl press conference in Strasbourg, the dilemma of a tennis-clothing rep whose famous player-client was upstairs seducing the rep's girl friend while he talked to Mewshaw in a Paris hotel lobby, and dozens of sharp sketches of prominent pros that benefit hugely from Mewshaw's fresh eye. He has, furthermore, played and studied the game long enough so that his descriptions of matches that interest him at each tour stop are first-rate journalism. All are good reading even a year later.

But Mewshaw started his tour as an amateur sportswriter—in the best sense—and that proved far more important than his skills in the making of this book. He began asking questions in Genoa and he never stopped asking them. While many tour regulars either refused to talk or dissembled when they did, enough answered either on or off the record to indicate that the men who run this sport have allowed it to deteriorate rapidly into a sleazy, debased traveling side-

show in which participants and principles are for sale. Mewshaw makes these allegations:

- Much of the press covering and telecasting the tour is either phony or corrupt—that is, many "newsmen" are either paid flacks, agents or p.r. men for sponsors or are gorging on gifts and perks from tournament directors and sponsors.
- Players often tank matches so that they can quit a tournament and rush off to another one or to an exhibition match that offers more money.
- Players often arrange in advance to split prize money so that they know they will receive equal amounts of the purse regardless of who wins or loses
- Players often accommodate sponsors and TV schedule-makers by agreeing to split the first two sets and play an "honest" third set to ensure filling a time slot.
- Tournament directors hire and pay all match umpires and make it very clear to them which players have received "appearance money"—those whose presence will enhance the gate. Preferential treatment for these drawing cards often follows.
- Appearance money—which can be as much as $100,000 for one tournament—or related sponsor fees, both of which are prohibited, lead to a wide variety of corrupt practices.

Many of Mewshaw's interviewees try to excuse the abuses on two counts. First, pro tennis is entertainment and should not have to abide by traditional sporting codes. The answer to this is that tennis is certainly entertaining, but it's still sport, the essence of which is that the results not be fiddled with in advance. The second excuse is that many of the abuses take place in so-called "special events" or exhibitions ("I think all exhibitions are fixed," says M. Marshall Happer III, administrator of tennis' Pro Council) and therefore don't matter. This would be a valid argument if the paying and viewing public were notified in advance of each match who was dumping what, why and for how much—which, of course, isn't done.

Mewshaw has done his job as a journalist. With the recent penalties against Guillermo Vilas and Yannick Noah, perhaps tennis officials are now prepared to do theirs. One hopes so. END

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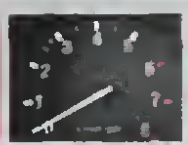

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The more you look, the more you like

replay

by LISA TWYMAN

WHEN GROVER WASHINGTON JR. PLAYED FOR THEM, THE SIXERS COULDN'T LOSE

In his book *The Joy of Sports*, Michael Novak wrote, "Basketball is jazz: improvisatory, free, individualistic, corporate, sweaty, fast, exulting, screeching, torrid, explosive. . . ." This is especially true in Philadelphia. While nothing excites a Spectrum crowd as much as a Julius Erving dunk, Grover Washington Jr.'s tenor sax riffs come close. "Grover! Aw-*riiight*!" a fan shrieked as Washington began playing the national anthem before Game 5 of the NBA Eastern Conference Finals between the 76ers and the Milwaukee Bucks in May. "Now the Sixers *can't* lose."

They didn't. Philly won 115–103 to clinch the conference title. Washington also performed before the first two games of the championship series with the Los Angeles Lakers, both of which the Sixers won in the Spectrum en route to a four-game sweep to the crown.

No one can measure exactly what Washington contributes to the Sixers, but no one denies that he gives them something special. He has provided an artistic prelude to some of the most artful basketball ever played, and anyone who has heard his various renditions of *The Star-Spangled Banner* knows what it's like to feel tuned, like a guitar, for the basketball jam that's about to begin on the court.

Last season Washington, or the Master Blaster as Spectrum announcer Dave Zinkoff calls him, was perfect from the floor. Ten times he was at midcourt for the anthem and all 10 times the Sixers won. "We only bring Grover out for the biggies," says Assistant General Manager John Nash, "games against teams like Boston or L.A. or in the playoffs. When he walks out, people know it's a special game."

Washington isn't a performer to take his applause and run. From his regular seat in Section F, Row 12 he watches the 76ers whether he has played the anthem or not. "It's getting to the point that he schedules his concert tours around that team," says his wife, Christine. In fact, it was Washington's idea to play the anthem. "I just approached the team three years ago and told them I'd be interested," he says. "Why not? I was at the games anyway."

Washington's love affair with the Sixers, which started when he moved to Philadelphia in 1967, went public in 1980 with the release of his album *Winelight*, which earned him a platinum record by selling one million copies and is now on its way to two million. Song two on side one is entitled *Let It Flow ("For Dr. J")*.

"When I wrote it," says Washington, "I was trying to portray The Shot in the musical sense." The Shot was a vintage Erving job that occurred in the fourth game of the 1980 championship series between Philly and L.A. Erving was driving down the right side to the basket. L.A.'s Mark Landsberger picked up Erving and forced him to the baseline. Erving drove around Landsberger and

jumped for the basket but in midair found his flight path blocked by Kareem Abdul-Jahhar. Still in the air and now completely *behind* the backboard, Dr. J then reached out from behind the basket and flicked the ball off the backboard through the hoop on his way down.

"The foundation of the Spectrum was in trouble that night," Washington says. "The fans just went wild. Later I told [Erving], 'You have one coming for that.' " In the song, a bass drum sets the tempo of a basketball being dribbled. "The concept of the song is how the Doc floats through the air, over everybody else," he says. Washington sets this up by having the sax melody float over the notes being played on the bass and over the tempo set by the bass drum.

Washington believes that every athlete is a frustrated musician and every musician is a frustrated athlete. The theory holds in Washington's case. He grew up playing basketball in the schoolyards of Buffalo. Washington was a ferocious competitor but a bit on the short side, so he developed a hook to shoot over his taller friends.

When he was nine Washington got his first sax, from his father, a steelworker who played in a band at night. But basketball remained his passion, which posed problems when it came time to practice the horn instead of the hook. "But when I stopped growing at 5 '8 ", I knew I could never be a player," he says. "That ended that controversy."

His passion is now centered on the Sixers. Last year Washington kept a Boston concert promoter on tenterhooks all through the 76ers-Celtics conference finals. "I told him if Philly wins, I'll be there," he says. "But if your team wins, you've got a problem." Philly won and Washington, an ebullient fellow by nature, played with unusual gusto at Berklee Performance Center.

"Grover's become identified with the team," says Nash. Thus it was no surprise that Washington played the anthem for the championship victory celebration at Veterans Stadium after the parade down Broad Street. "Somehow it seemed fitting," Nash adds.

Just as the Sixers have influenced his music, Washington's music has also influenced the Sixers, Dr. J in particular. "Grover's an inspiration to me," says Erving, "but it's more than just his music. It's his presence here night in and night out. That and his friendship." **END**

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And sent every other car tuner maker scrambling back to the drawing boards.

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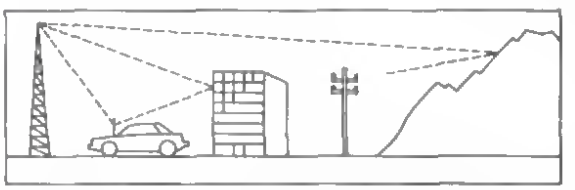

A lot of things stand in the way of clear reception. Like buildings, mountains, even telephone poles. Radio signals bounce off them like balls on a handball court. Creating static signals cutting in and out. Unless you have a Supertuner III.

So long, fellas. See you down the road in another five years or so.

FM CAR STEREO RECEPTION SO CLEAR YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE LISTENING TO A CASSETTE.

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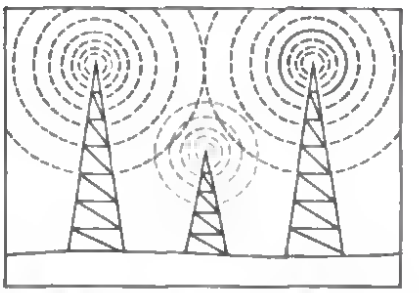

Three-signal intermodulation is techno jargon for a weak signal that's surrounded by two stronger ones. This is what causes stations to cut into or bleed over others. Except in a new Supertuner III.

Like static. FM noise. Strong signals cutting in or bleeding

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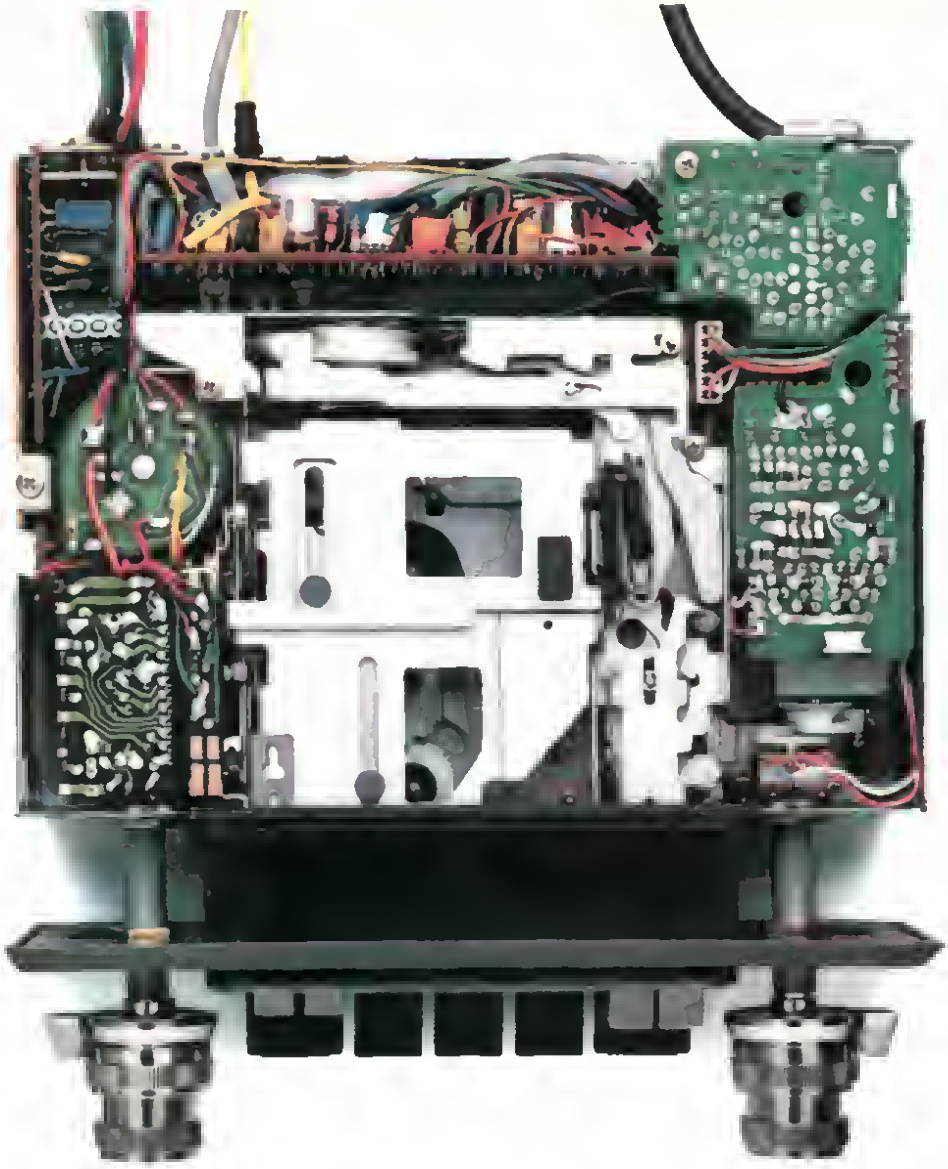

on top of weaker ones.

In addition, Supertuner III can capture weak signals from a great distance and lock them in.

So, while Supertuner III offers a great many convenience gadgets like other tuners, it offers something that none of the others can.

The clean, clear, FM stereo reception you should be getting in this day and age.

WHICH CAR TUNER GETS THE BEST RECEPTION IS NOW PERFECTLY CLEAR.

Of course, it's one thing to boast that no other FM stereo tuner eliminates the irritants to your listening pleasure like Supertuner III.

It's another to prove it. Which is just what Pioneer did.

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The test was conducted in Chicago, Illinois, perhaps the worst FM reception area in the country.

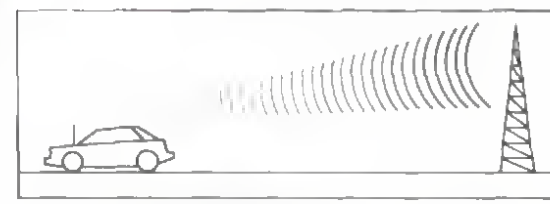
If Supertuner III outperformed the competition here, it would do it anywhere.

Using the same car, with the same antenna, and driving continuously around the same block on the Near North Side (where the world's tallest and third-tallest buildings create FM listening havoc), Pioneer put one tuner after another to the test.

And the clear winner, time after time, was Pioneer's Supertuner III. Downtown, only Supertuner III received stations that came across other tuners sounding like bacon sizzling on a hot griddle. And in the suburbs, only Supertuner III consistently was able to pick up weak stations located downtown, and hold on to them.

Of course, reading this now may impress you. But most likely you'd rather hear the real thing with your own two ears.

So, at your earliest convenience, visit your nearest Pioneer car stereo dealer and ask for a demonstration of Supertuner III.



Cars move and radio stations don't. So the further you drive from the transmitter of your favorite station, the harder it is to capture its signal. Unless you have a Supertuner III. Which is just another reason we should have the market all locked up.

And if, on the drive there, you get static and stations cutting in and out on your car stereo, don't just change stations.

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BACK TO THE DARK AGES

The American Medical Association classifies dependency on cocaine and other "psychoactive" substances as an illness and recommends that it be treated as such. The U.S. Government follows that counsel in dealing with federal employees who have such a dependency. Over the past couple of years pro sports leagues have somewhat tempered their traditionally authoritarian approach to objectionable behavior and have offered cocaine abusers the prospect of rehabilitation rather than knee-jerk punishment. The number of athletes who have responded by seeking help indicates that cocaine abuse has become distressingly widespread in pro sports. At the same time, it's encouraging to think that many of those athletes have been helped by the sports establishment's relatively enlightened approach.

Last week major league baseball returned to the dark ages when the Los Angeles Dodgers, acting "in coordination and consultation" with Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's office, fined Pitcher Steve Howe $53,867 and put him on probation for three years because of "continued or renewed involvement with illegal drugs after rehabilitation treatment." Howe had spent five weeks after last season at The Meadows in Wickenburg, Ariz. being treated for cocaine and alcohol abuse and had started the '83 season by pitching extraordinarily well for the Dodgers. But on May 29 he checked into the Care Unit Hospital in Orange, Calif. for further treatment. Players on the disabled list are supposed to be paid, but because the $53,867 assessment against Howe was calculated to equal his salary for the 30 days he was out of action for his treatment at Care Unit, it amounted to a docking of his pay. Without quite saying so, the Dodgers and Kuhn's office had, in effect, arbitrarily determined that Howe's drug dependency was no longer to be dealt with as an illness.

Bob Wirz, a spokesman for Kuhn, tried to justify Howe's punishment by saying that the player hadn't undergone treatment the second time "voluntarily," as Kuhn has specified must happen if "amnesty" is to be granted in drug cases. According to Wirz, Howe did turn himself in but only after the Dodgers had become aware of his condition. "It wasn't like he came completely forward," said Wirz. "He had failed to show up for a ball game." But another rationale for the punishment was the fact that Howe had to be hospitalized a second time at all—whether voluntarily or not. In a statement Kuhn said that baseball doesn't "guarantee amnesty for renewed drug usage or for failure to follow a rehabilitation program." And Dodger President Peter O'Malley said, "Eventually you have to draw the line."

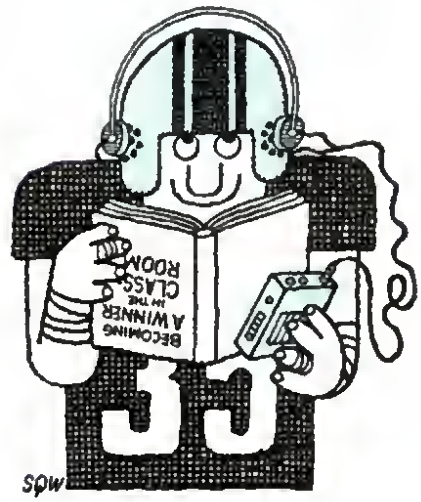
In specifying that treatment be voluntary, baseball is getting itself into a semantic mine field; by the very nature of chemical dependency, many drug abusers deny their problem and have to be pushed into treatment by family and friends. Similarly, punishing Howe because he's a second offender ignores the fact that drug dependency, like many other illnesses, can require prolonged treatment and may result in relapses. To be sure, a club may well reach a point where its patience with a compulsive cocaine user is exhausted, but defining that point could just as easily depend, as with other illnesses, on how the condition affects athletic performance and a player's value to his team. The Washington Bullets admirably dealt with Guard John Lucas' drug addiction as an illness rather than a matter for punishment but, after Lucas was repeatedly AWOL from practices and games over an extended period, finally concluded last season that he was hurting the team and released him. The Dodgers obviously hadn't reached that stage with Howe; they had merely decided to "treat" what they acknowledge to be an illness with punishment.

None of this is to ignore, of course, that the sale or possession of cocaine is a crime and that its use by ballplayers may erode the game's appeal among fans and put the players in touch with pushers who have ties to organized crime. This in turn raises the specter of scandals, including major drug busts and game-fixing attempts. For all these reasons, sports officials can and should cooperate with law-enforcement authorities in trying to control the cocaine traffic.

Still, it's hard to see how baseball's gratuitous disciplining of Howe can have any effect other than to drive the use of cocaine by players further underground, where it will be even more difficult to root out. Although the action against Howe was accompanied by predictable protestations of concern about the game's "integrity" and "image," baseball's higher-ups might better express that concern by leaving punishment to law authorities and confining themselves to offering players every opportunity for rehabilitation. "We can't tolerate the use of illegal drugs," O'Malley said in defense of his club's action against Howe. Yet dealing with cocaine dependency as a disability isn't tolerating the problem. Rather, it's the most realistic way of trying to solve it.

READING AND WRITHING

Richard Coop, who teaches educational psychology at the University of North Carolina, and Robert Rotella, director of sports psychology at the University of



Virginia, have written a book aimed at helping student-athletes do better in their academic work. The book, *Becoming a Winner in the Classroom*, which will be published later this summer, approaches the subject pragmatically. Coop and Rotella feel that the classroom weaknesses evident in so many college athletes are to a large extent the result of poor study practices and weak test-taking skills. They further maintain that these are areas in which the athlete, accustomed as

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he is to working hard to learn techniques on the field or in the arena, can improve markedly.

Coop says, "We're telling the athlete, 'Read your professor and read your textbook as if you're reading a defensive secondary.' " The word "read" in this context means analyze and solve, *i.e.*, look at the professor, the text and the course itself as problems to be solved. The word apparently isn't meant to be taken literally. Not wishing to scare off readers with forbidding pages of unrelieved text, Coop and Rotella have put their advice in the form of a conversation among three student-athletes. "We have illustrations, too," says Coop. "We wanted something they won't be overwhelmed by." Recognizing that some student-athletes might find even the illustrated conversations heavy going, Coop and Rotella have taken another step to assure that nobody is overwhelmed. They're also making their book available on tape cassettes.

IN MEMORIAM

The Alabama football team has decided against wearing black armbands next season in memory of Bear Bryant. Instead, 'Bama players will honor their late coach by wearing houndstooth hat decals on their helmets.

THE LONG OFF-SEASON

It was bad enough that the Cincinnati Bengals got bounced from last season's NFL playoffs in the first round by the New York Jets 44–17. Look what's happened to the Bengals since then. In March Tight End Dan Ross signed a three-year contract with the Boston Breakers of the USFL, whom he'll join in 1984 after completing the one year left on his Bengal contract. Last week Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth followed Ross's lead by signing a five-year deal with the Tampa Bay Bandits of the USFL; Collinsworth has two years to go on his contract with the Bengals, so he won't join the Bandits until 1985. Also last week, Fullback Pete Johnson and Defensive End Ross Browner testified under limited guarantees of immunity from prosecution at a trial in U.S. District Court in Cincinnati that they had purchased cocaine.

These developments put Bengal owner Paul Brown on the spot. In the past Brown has taken a dim view of what he

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construes as disloyalty, in which category he almost certainly would put the Ross and Collinsworth signings. In 1974, after Linebacker Bill Bergey signed a contract to switch two years later to the World Football League, Brown traded him to the Philadelphia Eagles. There's also the case of backup Quarterback Jack Thompson, who claimed the Bengals had breached his contract by not paying him during last year's NFL strike and refused to rejoin the team at the end of the walkout. The Bengals traded him last month to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Brown also can't be happy with the confessions of cocaine purchases by Johnson and Browner; over the years he has given the boot to players suspected of being involved with drugs.

If Brown acts true to form, he would send Ross, Collinsworth, Johnson and Browner packing. But he's plainly in a pickle. The players he unloaded in the past for drug involvement weren't stars of Johnson's or Browner's magnitude, and he couldn't get rid of those two, plus his two key receivers, without seriously damaging his franchise. While waiting to see what the boss might or might not do about the four players, Bengal Coach Forrest Gregg could only sigh and say, "We've had no good news at all. I'll be glad when this off-season is over."

FOOTBALL HERO

The word hero is used so loosely in sports that when Running Back Joe Delaney of the Kansas City Chiefs drowned last week while trying to rescue two 11-year-old boys from a pond in Monroe, La., the temptation was great to search for some alternative way to describe him. But Delaney's death was heroic. A poor swimmer, he unhesitatingly plunged, still in street clothes, into the pond to answer the boys' cries for help. One of the youths Delaney tried to save drowned. The other, whom Delaney helped pull out before going under himself, was hospitalized in critical condition and died 12 hours later. A third boy made it to shore on his own.

It's hard to identify the qualities that move a person to heroism, but Delaney was widely admired for his strength of character. He grew up on a Louisiana farm and was an early riser, a hard worker and, usually, the first player to arrive at Arrowhead Stadium for practice. Delaney was the AFC rookie of the year in 1981, and Marv Levy, then the Chiefs' coach, said of him at the time: "He was tuned in from the first day he came here. He was willing to work for everything he got. He works *too* hard. Some rookies sort of cool it and don't learn and say, 'I'll get it by osmosis. Experience will get it for me.' But Joe works at it. I have said it before: People expect too much from rookies, rookies don't expect enough of themselves. That does not apply to Joe Delaney."

WHAT SPORT DID YOU SAY THAT WAS?

The lead sentence of a news release from Prairie View (Texas) A&M: "Basketball Coach Jim Duplantier announced the signing of eight basketball players to national letters of intent to play basketball for Prairie View A&M University next basketball season."

EDGING OUT A NUCLEAR DEBATE

As the season wound down, the same old defense of the USFL was heard—that it was doing better in its TV ratings than expected and that ABC was making money televising its games. And, indeed, the USFL's average season-long rating on ABC going into Sunday's final regular-season telecast was 6.1, comfortably better than the average 5 rating on which the network based the price it was charging advertisers for commercial time. But a less happy fact was that this relatively high figure was attributable mainly to heavy viewing early in the season, when curiosity about the upstart league ran high. In each of the last four weeks, ratings had dipped below 5.

Despite the poorer late-season ratings, the USFL doggedly continued to insist that it would survive and eventually prosper. If it makes good on this vow, it might look back to the evening of Friday, June 17 as the low-water mark of its inaugural-season ratings struggle. That was the night ABC, to make room on its Sunday schedule for the U.S. Golf Open, carried its only prime-time game, a 29–14 victory by the Chicago Blitz over the Birmingham Stallions. The Friday night telecast wound up with a 4.8 rating, which, for evening network fare, was truly dismal. ABC tried to put the best face on the situation by noting that sports events don't usually do as well in prime time as on weekend afternoons, but that argument was at least partly belied by the fact that its own Monday night NFL telecasts generally receive ratings in the high teens or low 20s.

Just how bad was the 4.8 Friday night figure? Well, it put the Blitz-Stallion game dead last among 72 prime-time network shows that week and ahead of only one other show for the entire season. That was a tape-delayed program on CBS on April 23 featuring some heavy political discourse among present and former government officials from the U.S., West Germany and Great Britain. The show was billed—obviously not grandly enough—as *The Great Nuclear Arms Debate*.

SMALL MAC ATTACK

Other than the fact that all are guards, all are under 6′ 2″ and all starred for their college basketball teams, what do Melvin McLaughlin of Central Michigan, Ray McCallum of Ball State and Marlow McClain of Eastern Michigan have in common? Yes, all are "Macs," but what *else*? Just this: They were the only players picked in last week's NBA draft from the Mid-American Conference—the teams that took them were the Cavaliers (sixth round), the Pacers (eighth round) and the Pistons (ninth round), respectively—and that conference is known, appropriately enough, as the MAC.

THEY SAID IT

- Whitey Herzog, Cardinal manager, after newly acquired Pitcher Neil Allen, a notably poor bunter, laid down a perfect suicide squeeze against his former team, the Mets: "I wasn't taking a very big chance. He's not a good hitter, either."
- Andrea Jaeger, Wimbledon finalist, discussing the ofttimes sullen on-court demeanor of Wimbledon champion John McEnroe: "He scares me."
- Chili Davis, San Francisco Giant centerfielder, upon being informed a few days before the All-Star break that he was being sent to the minors to cure a month-long slump in which his batting average had plummeted from .292 to .225: "What makes it bad is that I was looking forward to the three days off."
- Lenny Wilkens, SuperSonics coach, at a roast for General Manager Zollie Volchok, who is retiring in August: "I told him we needed an ultrasound machine, and he asked me why we needed music in the locker room." **END**

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Cavalier's high-compression 2.0 Liter engine outpowers the three top-selling imports (based on SAE Net rated horsepower).

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Sports Illustrated
JULY 11, 1983

A Giant Stride Ahead Of The Field

Both John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova walked right through Wimbledon **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

After a fortnight that included Trey Waltke's flannel pants, Chris Evert Lloyd's stomach virus, Kevin Curren's machine-gun aces, Carling Bassett's Valley Girl lines and a new African noble who answered to the splendid title of Duke of Odizor, a thoroughly whacked-out Wimbledon finally righted itself. Just when the tournament threatened to plunge into utter chaos, John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova, Spin and Marty, came to life and proved that they're the best male and female players on earth. If Wimbledon is to remain the game's premier event, the All England blazers obviously must invent some ultra-skill, unisex bracket and make McEnroe and Navratilova play each other. Grant Spin but one serve, give Marty the doubles alleys and let them bray and preen across the tape from one another until the Tower Bridge crumbles into the Thames.

On Sunday in the men's final McEnroe brought a sensible conclusion to fantasies that had been bubbling everywhere. In three immaculate 6–2 sets of serve-and-volley tennis, the once (1981) and present champion overwhelmed New Zealand's Chris Lewis, the last of the mystery guests who gave this Wim-

continued

In winning his second Wimbledon, McEnroe lost but one set in the entire fortnight.

The acrobatic Lewis became the first non-seed to reach the title match in 16 years.

Connors. But it's not my fault he got to the final."

McEnroe and Lewis weren't the only examples of the familiar mixing with the unfamiliar at this Wimbledon. Outrageous novelty concessions from the Colonies such as Baskin-Robbins' 31 flavors and Chipwiches cluttered up the food village, along with—my word, Jeeves!—that old English plebeian favorite, chips themselves. Then Waltke showed up in his nifty white flannels with turnups (Lilywhites of Piccadilly Circus, £14) and his crisp, roll-sleeve white disco shirt (Fred Segal of Hollywood, ask for a deal), and the lawns of SW19 suddenly had been whisked back to the 1930s. Ted Tinling, couturier to the stars, sewed belt loops on the flannels so Waltke, an elegant L.A. boulevardier long before this episode, could tie a striped cravat around his waist—just as the oldtimers did—before he took Centre Court against Ivan Lendl. Waltke was the first player to appear there in longies since Yvon Petra in 1946. "Nice pants," said Lendl, who won in straight sets. "I should have gone with the Tilden racket," said Waltke.

bledon its special flavor. Mac lost only nine points on serve all afternoon. On the receiving end, he was just as impenetrable, repeatedly blistering returns to places where Lewis' quick feet could not carry him. The fifth game of the second set was a prime example. Lewis got his first serve in on all six points, but at 30–15 Mac blocked a backhand return winner and then whipped twin forehand passes within an inch of each other for the break. He had stretches of 12 and 13 straight points and won 24 of the last 30 points in the match.

Lewis, ranked 91st in the world, was the first unseeded player to tread the Wimbledon greensward in a final in 16 years. Like his countryman Tony Wilding, who won four straight Wimbledons from 1910 to 1913, Lewis is a romantic figure, with his high-cheekbone charm, his long hair and his gypsy bandannas slapping the breeze. Wilding was the sport's first matinee idol. If Lewis were a movie star he'd be a welder from Pittsburgh, and they'd call the flick *Sashband*.

Before last week Lewis, who won the Wimbledon junior title in 1975, had advanced beyond the semis in only three pro tournaments. He has a lot of time to think about his defeats because he fears flying and regularly drives to work on the U.S. and European circuits. Fortunately, he needn't suffer these journeys alone, an exquisite girl friend named Tammy Sayers being his latest passenger.

"Let's face it, this was a great opportunity for me to win easily," said McEnroe. "This guy wasn't Borg or

Lendl's improved grass play didn't cut it against McEnroe.

Meanwhile, lucky losers, those nonqualifiers who get into a tournament only when an accepted entrant withdraws, seemed to be hurtling about the place as if they really belonged. One was Chris Bradnam, a local wild card. Bradnam wasn't an official lucky loser, but he gave the term real meaning when he became the father of a baby girl just hours before losing to Charlie Fancutt. Moreover, Fancutt was the fellow who had beaten John McCurdy 9–7 in the fifth set in his final match of the qualifying tournament. Subsequently, McCurdy, a former Australian-rules football player from Yarrawonga, almost penniless and giving tennis a last try, was about to "break my rackets" when he was notified that 10th-seeded Jimmy Arias had pulled out of Wimbledon and that he, McCurdy, could play. McCurdy promptly won three matches while issuing such statements as "my favorite shot is the short smash with the opponent lying on the ground." He was the first Wimbledon lucky loser ever to reach the round of 16. "I've never played Tim Mayotte before," said McCurdy of his opponent in that round. "Come to think of it, I've never played anybody before."

The fourth round was when the fortnight took on the look of an NCAA champions' reunion. Eight former collegiate titlists made the last 16. That made all the more implausible the official program notes, which one day spelled Stanford, the distinguished university that supplied three of those NCAA winners, "Stamford." "Listen," said Sandy Mayer, Palo Alto '73, "I know a lot of guys who graduated and spelled it that way."

An erstwhile NCAA semifinalist who made the final 16 was Lagos, Nigeria's own Nduka Odizor, who had preceded his countryman, basketball star Akeem (The Dream) Olajuwon, at the University of Houston before joining the tour last year. Presumably Houston's African Extension Program is available to non-athletes as well. Odizor became the Duke on Fleet Street by upsetting Guillermo (Guarantee Willie) Vilas; by bouncing balls on his head during tense moments in matches and then catching them be-

continued

Curren, who got to the semis, was involved in the tournament's three best pairings.

hind his back; and by exhibiting such insouciant charm that he could clear up the week-long confusion over whether his father was a "chief" or a "chef" with a simple grin. "It really doesn't matter," said the Duke. "He's dead anyway."

Alas, Lewis concocted a Duke sandwich, spreading Odizor thin over three easy sets between his surprising defeats of the missile-serving doubles partners, ninth-seeded Steve Denton and Curren, the 12th seed. Curren, remember, had blown off the premises one James Scott Connors with 33 aces in the fourth round. Curren also had survived Mayotte's self-acclaimed "best two sets of my life" in the quarters. In retrospect, because Curren was 2–1 in the three best matches of the tournament and delivered a total of 80 aces, perhaps Wimbledon Highlights '83 will belong as much to him as to McEnroe and Navratilova.

Against Connors, for instance, Curren not only rendered useless the best return of serve in the game but outwitted the defending champion in the rallies and ignored Jimbonian psychological chicanery as well. Connors deployed all his macho fist shakes, glares, mimicry and verbal outbursts. "He doesn't even know where the serve is going," Connors cried. Once when the umpire announced, "Advantage, Curren," Connors called out, "Advantage, Bum-bo." Nothing worked. The rockets continued to scorch the turf, and Curren fought off three set points in the fourth to win 6–3, 6–7, 6–3, 7–6.

But Curren, from Durban, South Africa by way of the University of Texas—hook 'em, Springboks—was hardly finished. In his marvelous quarterfinal with Mayotte, during which smiles and sportsmanship were resurrected for the moment in the main arena, Curren was never in control, never able to steer his ace machine in the proper direction. Mayotte served for both the second and fourth sets—and lost both. He saved three match points in the fourth-set tiebreaker. Yet Curren emerged with a 4–6, 7–6, 6–2, 7–6 victory. Such perseverance and fortitude! Gentleman Tim applauded Curren as they approached the net to shake hands and clasp shoulders. It was a fine moment.

Navratilova, who dropped only 25 games, never came close to losing a match. She did, however, nearly lose her skirt on two occasions.

The same spirit characterized the Lewis-Curren semi, which was an undulating contest of wills and spills. Whenever one of them pulled off a feat of rare athleticism, the other would dive him one better. A Curren get would be countered by a Lewis sprawl. A Lewis attempt at a behind-the-back retrieve would be followed by a Curren forehand drive from his knees. In the crucial sixth game of the fifth

set, with Curren leading 3–2 after having been up 3–0. 40–15, both men played short side-to-side angles and fell to the sod on the same point, which Curren won. Then Lewis, gasping audibly on every stroke, won the next point, thrashing a winner while in midair. An astonished Curren applauded with his racket. Oh, what grand stuff it was, and it continued right up until Lewis caught chalk with a serve on match point to win 6–7, 6–4, 7–6, 6–7, 8–6 in three hours and 45 minutes. "Nobody cuts off volleys like this guy," said Curren. "Chris's anticipation was unbelievable."

Similar encomiums greeted Navratilova's every result in the women's draw as she wafted to her fourth Wimbledon championship in five hours and 32 minutes. That's seven matches in 5:32, or an average of 47 minutes a match. She lost just 25 games.

"This isn't a team: it's an entourage," said Navratilova of her various and sundry caretakers. So let's hear it for Entourage Navratilova: Robert Haas, who kept punching up the minicomputer to scout alleged opponents; Nancy Lieberman, who kept the media at bay ("Sure, I know where the press room is," said Agent Orange. "I just look for where they throw the dog meat"); and the anonymous personal cook who kept preparing, as Navratilova put it, "Czech dumplings, great with sugar, butter and cheese." Ummm, yummy. Oh, and let's hear it for Sherry Acker, the only dumpling to stay on the grass more than an hour with the champ.

Of course, as Navratilova said, "Everybody else took the big guns out for me." Evert Lloyd fell to a bug and Kathy Jordan, Hana Mandlikova to Jennifer Mundel, Tracy Austin to an ailing back and Pam Shriver to Iva Budarova. Red Rova, Red Rova. Could Billie Jean King come over? No she couldn't. As she did last year, King, now 39, took her battle-scarred knees to the semifinals even though few people saw her get there. King was constantly shunted to the outside courts, while "the cutie pies" (her term) such as Bassett and Andrea Temesvari were granted Centre Court privileges. "Like it's great in there," Bassett, 15, said. "Like you don't hear any noise or anything. Then the seagulls fly over." What? Earth calling Carling.

The cutest of the cute, 1983 NCAA champion Beth Herr, an Olivia Newton-John with a forehand, had King beaten in the second round before getting scared and losing 8–6 in the third set. But Andrea Jaeger took no prisoners, viciously passing and lobbing King into 6–1, 6–1 oblivion to become, at 18, the youngest women's finalist since Mo Connolly in 1952. Or the youngest sacrificial lamb. Navratilova gave Jaeger the what-for 6–0, 6–3.

Jaeger, Bassett and a few others caught the Supertramp concert at Earl's Court on Thursday night, but Lendl, who was sporting a new semi-Mohawk/punk haircut, loathed the music and walked out after 20 minutes. The next afternoon McEnroe sent Lendl packing from the tournament. Lendl converted 30 of his 37 first deliveries in the first set, but he still lost it. He failed to capitalize on break points in two games, and then at 3–2 in the tiebreaker, he muffed a shoulder-high backhand volley. McEnroe, who never dropped his serve, wasn't in trouble again in the 7–6, 6–4, 6–4 victory in which only one rally extended more than six shots. Once Mac drilled a ball at Lendl—"perfectly all right," said Ivan—but his deportment toward officialdom was impeccable, as it was most of the final week.

Earlier in the tournament, while McEnroe was edging toward a serious confrontation with the All England Club, several players had criticized his on-court shenanigans publicly for the first time. In a second-round encounter with Florin Segarceanu, McEnroe dug a divot with a petulant racket throw, insulted umpire Malcolm Huntington, thumbed his nose at referee Alan Mills and threatened to quit. The players were enraged. Waltke: "McEnroe's not penalized enough. We're sick and tired of it." Hank Pfister: ". . . a habitual complainer. He detracts from the game." John Fitzgerald uttered the unkindest cut of all when discussing the potential of Mats Wilander. "I'd like to see Mats be Number One," he said. "We'd all like to see a nice guy at the top again."

Could it be that peer pressure struck a chord? Mac hardly let out a peep the rest of the way. After his victory on Sunday he even shook hands with Huntington and Mills. "I think I've made a conscious effort to get along," said McEnroe later, before Peter Ustinov joined him at the champion's Chelsea flat for a celebratory cocktail. "I'm glad I was able to win the way people want me to. If I can harness my feelings now in the correct way. . . ." Then: "But don't take this too seriously."

King made the semis for the second consecutive year.

On the other hand, if these All England championships happen to be the occasion when McEnroe turned the corner regarding both behavior and his shimmering tennis wand, then 1983 will be remembered not so much as a wacky Wimbledon but a momentous one.

Generally, It Was A One-Man Show

Herschel Walker was a hit, but with no supporting cast even he wasn't able to make the USFL the big time

by RALPH WILEY

Herschel Walker, mild-mannered running back for a would-be great metropolitan football team, the New Jersey Generals, carried the ball 19 times for 74 yards last Sunday in a losing effort against the Boston Breakers before 15,798 fans on a scorching nook of Boston University called Nickerson Field. For the likes of Superman, it was quite a comedown. These were Walker's final duties of the USFL season. Whether he carried the new league or not, he'd run 412 times from scrimmage for one of the worst teams he will ever see, let alone play on. But when it was over he seemed daisy fresh. "Physically this season was no tougher than college football," he said. "The worst I've been hurt was a poke in the eye last week against Arizona. I was blind for three days."

Which was appropriate, seeing as he'd been leading the blind for three months. Was Walker's impact enough to solidify the USFL in the hearts and pocketbooks of America? Or did the battered condition of his team, the 6–12 Generals, nullify any impact he might have had? Walker was the Generals, all right, and the Generals were definitely walkers. Walker himself had been the only General worthy of rank, somehow rushing for a league-high 1,812 yards.

The Generals had generated the USFL's most intense excitement when they signed Walker in February. Owner J. Walter Duncan, football fans and the television networks, ABC and ESPN, which had signed on before Herschel did, had visions of Walker scoring a touchdown a game, which he did, with 18, and gaining 2,000 total yards, which he did, too. He had 2,370, in fact. Unfortunately, the rest of the Generals weren't up to snuff, nor was Coach Chuck Fairbanks, the mentor with the great résumé who's in the process of proving the validity of the Peter Principle. "Upchuck!" some Boston fans chanted during the Breakers' 34–10 victory Sunday.

It was a still day in Boston, blisteringly hot. The Generals got a 36-yard field goal on their first possession. Then Quarterback Johnnie Walton guided the Breakers to 24 first-half points. Walker became a blocker for whoever was the quarterback, and that, in a nutshell, was about as spectacular as Walker, the Generals and, ergo, the entire league became Sunday, or any other time.

"We'll be better next year," said Walker. "I'm not Joe Namath. I can't guarantee, but maybe we can win 14 games next year." And after that? "I just go from season to season," he said. "That's the life of a paid athlete. In the fall I'll miss playing for Georgia, probably very much. And there'll be a time around the Olympics when I'm going to be hurt, and disappointed, but you can't do everything." This from a man who made the two best tackles of the day, both after interceptions. "Good thing Herschel is versatile," said Breaker Linebacker Ray Phillips.

Walker's teammates were as much in awe of him as anybody. More than half

Walker, who was forever on the run on the field, settled down off it when he got married to Cindy.

the players had their pictures taken with Herschel on team photo day, and during the last week of practice they were still bringing footballs and hankies and anything that would hold ink for Herschel to sign into memorabilia. They knew Walker's place, if not their own.

USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons continues to rave about him. "All things considered," says Simmons, "he had a dramatically successful season. His presence, despite the Generals' record, was of utmost importance to us."

How do you spell importance? N-U-M-B-E-R-S. The Generals sold 36,000 season tickets, nearly half of them after signing Walker 11 days before the start of the regular season. The attendance at his nine road games averaged 9,303 more than the norm for the host city.

The television ratings the first week were sky-high—then the Generals keeled over and died. "Certainly, at the earliest point, Walker *was* the rating," declared Irv Brodsky, a spokesman for ABC. Even though the numbers plummeted late in the season, on average nearly a million more households than expected tuned in the USFL each week. And it certainly wasn't because of the smile on Chuck Fairbanks' face.

Scotty Connal, executive vice-president at ESPN, says, "Herschel Walker is a magnet. The viewing public realized he was a star player and we definitely hung our hat on him, like the AFL did with Namath." ESPN, which televised games on Saturday and Monday nights, averaged a 3.4 USFL rating overall, but 4.1 on the five Generals' telecasts. "We had the best football player in America on them," said Connal.

Walker has his doubts about that. "For me, the split backfield was the most difficult adjustment at first," he said. "I've always run out of the I, and it's a different kind of running. I'd use my vision to find openings. In a split backfield, you're in a three-point stance and can't see the defense. You have to hit up in there quick, run on instinct, and that's difficult for me. All the great runners are instinct runners. I'm not."

A former NFL 1,000-yard runner says Walker has "no magic" as a runner. Walker's comments on instinct would seem to give that assessment substance. But whoever bestows such gifts probably took a look at Walker and decided that world-class speed and a weightlifter's anatomy were enough. Walker assisted by magic might have been difficult to believe. But then, Walker assisted by no one was, too. **END**

The Fastest Doubleheader Ever

In a 15-minute span Evelyn Ashford and Calvin Smith set world records for 100 meters at the National Sports Festival

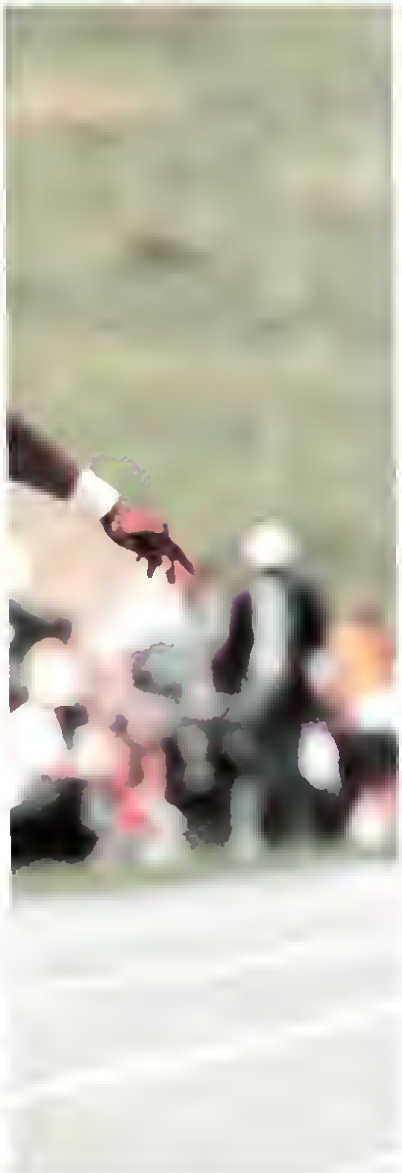
by KENNY MOORE

At 2:55 p.m. M.D.T. last Sunday in Colorado Springs, Calvin Smith leaned forward, his hands on the warm, blue-gray Air Force Academy track, and gently shook out first one leg, then the other. When both hamstrings felt right, he placed his spikes carefully against the blocks and brought his hands back behind the starting line. He crouched, looked down and waited for the National Sports Festival 100-meter dash to begin.

The paramount question is always the same for Smith at times like this. John Mitchell, his coach at Alabama, where Smith, 22, is a senior majoring in public relations, puts it clearly: "He's as fast as human beings are made. It all comes down to whether he catches the gun and gets off well."

This is a slightly odd problem for Smith to have, because he is only 5′ 9″ and 140. Usually it is the tall sprinter, the Carl Lewis or Tommie Smith or Steve Williams, who takes 50 meters to uncoil and hit full stride. But this season Smith has been the one chasing after quick starters like his Alabama teammate, Emmit King, whom he couldn't quite catch in the NCAA 100 a month ago. King won that one by three inches, 10.15 seconds to 10.16. Now, Smith told himself not to just stand up and run but to drive out of the blocks.

Smith caught the gun. He didn't jump it, or even anticipate it. He simply got away with everyone else. "A decent start," he would later call it. At 25 meters



Smith (left, in green) and Ashford (above, in red) both got off to better starts than they normally do and then—poof!—disappeared into thin air.

there seemed no clear leader in the eight-man field. At 35 the green-clad Smith began to edge ahead. By 60 he was running as he never had before and pulling away from everyone else.

Smith wasn't exactly savoring it. He had his mind on his task. "I've been working on not letting my arms drop down into wide swings, but keeping them up in short strokes," he said later. "After 80 meters or so, I concentrated on that. Near the end I was tired, but it was a good tired."

It was a magnificent tired. It had earned him a world record of 9.93 seconds, .02 faster than the 15-year-old standard set by Jim Hines in the 1968 Olympics. In second was Bernard Jackson of Tempe, Ariz. in 10.19. The race had, luckily, been run during a lull in the frisky Colorado breeze; the wind reading was 1.38 meters per second. If it's more than 2.0 mps, it voids any record. Calvin Smith, sweet, shy Calvin Smith, was the world's fastest human.

Smith danced happily for a few seconds and then endured a swamping by cameramen and reporters, but as soon as he got a moment to think straight, he said a little prayer. "Help me, God," he said. "Help me to stay me."

The me he wished to remain is a modest man, given to none of the braggadocio that marks many sprinters. Indeed, while he was perfectly happy to have caused a sensation of historic proportions, he took essentially a private message from it. "I haven't been having the best of seasons," he said. "I got second in both the 100 and 200 in the NCAA. I got third in the TAC races. I felt through all that that I was behind schedule, that I should be doing better. Now I'm back on track. But just because of this race, I don't suddenly feel I'm any better than the rest of the world's top runners."

Asked whether he could go faster, Smith said, "I feel I have a good chance of running this time again, but lowering it . . . I don't know."

The men's 100 had benefited from an electric atmosphere generated by the preceding race. In that one, Evelyn Ashford, who'd been beaten soundly a week before by East Germany's world-record holder, Marlies Göhr, in a dual meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum, had been running, as she put it, "to get my confidence back. I wanted to go under 11 seconds [Göhr's record, set on June 8, was 10.81], to at least give her something to think about before the World Championships in Helsinki in August."

She did that and more. Like Smith, Ashford isn't the fastest starter, but like Smith, she caught a good one. Then she just tore on down the track. "I wasn't thinking about anything; I just ran," she said. "I didn't seem to wake up until the last 20 meters. When I crossed the line, I thought, 'That was nothing special. Maybe 11.1.'" Her "nothing special" was 10.79, a world record. Her wind was a legal .56 mps. When she heard the time, she collapsed. "I'm stunned," she said. "Just stunned . . . stunned."

Later, somewhat recovered, she said, "It hasn't sunk in yet." Which occasioned thoughts of what could happen to her when it really does. Might she explode? "I have imagined getting the gold medal next year, and I probably won't react like I expect to *then*, either," she said.

An hour earlier Ashford did what she had really come to the Sports Festival for—anchor a world-record try in the

continued

After their uplifting L.A. win, (from left) Williams, Brown, Ashford and Cheeseborough decided to go for a record in the Rockies.

WORLD RECORDS *continued*

4 × 100-meter relay for her teammates Diane Williams, Alice Brown and Chandra Cheeseborough. In defeating East Germany's team the week before, they had come within .03 of the G.D.R.'s 41.60 record set in the Moscow Olympics.

Racing in Colorado Springs as an added entry—though they are the national team, under Sports Festival rules they would normally have been split up to run for their respective regions—they passed hellishly but sprinted like the devil in between and came within .01 of the mark with a 41.61. It was, of course, an American-record performance. "And we'll get a lot better," said Ashford. "We have work to do on coming out of those exchange zones with both the baton and a good head of steam."

Three sprint races, three records. Never before had the two 100-meter records fallen in one day, although on the afternoon that Hines ran his 9.95, Barbara Ferrell of the U.S. and Irena Szewinska of Poland tied the women's world mark. Sunday's crowd of 15,500 was ecstatic, the sprinters were ecstatic. But over all hung a simple question. The Air Force Academy is 7,200 feet above sea level. The air there offers fractionally less resistance to sprinters shouldering through it than does the air in Indianapolis or Modesto, to mention a couple of places where Carl Lewis has, respectively, defeated Calvin Smith and run 100 meters in 9.97.

With her blazing anchor leg, Ashford clinched the U.S. relay mark.

The new record holders were unconcerned about the question of altitude. "Hey, it was a world record," said Ashford. "Nobody ever got through 100 meters faster. I finally got perfect conditions; I realize that. A pretty day, nice mountains, nice people. Sure, altitude helps. I can't deny that my two best times were done up here [her previous American record of 10.90 was set in Colorado Springs at the Olympic Training Center track two years ago], but I can run as well at low altitude."

Smith wouldn't go quite that far. "The altitude has something to do with my time," he said, "but I'm happy with it. The most noticeable effect of altitude on me is that it makes my eyes water. And you have to remember that the record I broke was set at altitude, in Mexico City [7,350 feet above sea level]."

And what of Lewis, the man most expected to set this record, and the marks in the 200 and long jump as well? He had said he preferred not to long-jump in the Sports Festival, because if he should at last break Bob Beamon's wondrous record of 29′ 2½″, his jump would be viewed as less legitimate than if he did it at sea level. He had planned on running the 100 and the sprint relay. But after reportedly straining a leg muscle in the week before the Festival he withdrew from all competition in Colorado.

"I had considered not running here," said Smith. "I had had a lot of races lately and needed rest more than anything." But Smith's Athletic Attic Club coach, Terry Long, reminded him that the Sports Festival is hardly savage competition. "We figured it'd be low key and loose," said Long, "the kind of place we might set

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up a big race. Then when Carl pulled out, that's all anyone seemed to want to talk about. There was no media pressure on Calvin, none of the usual wild hype."

The wildness all came after the race, with everyone yelling, "What would Lewis have done?"

"Had he been in there, the greatest 100 of all time would have been even greater," said Long, "but it was one of those days when Calvin was on. He'd run an awesome third leg on the South's relay team an hour and a half earlier. He would have been tough for Lewis to handle today."

What explains this remarkable record-breaking performance? Make no mistake, Smith is a splendid athlete. He beat Lewis twice last year. He was ranked second in the world in the 100 and 200 for 1982 and ran a wind-aided 9.91 100 in Karl-Marx-Stadt, East Germany last year. Smith also ran a 45.2 400 on Alabama's second-place 4 × 400-meter relay team in this year's NCAA meet. "That kind of strength, with his speed running the turn, seems to compute out to a great 200," says Mitchell.

It was Smith's range of abilities that probably kept him from better races early this year. "He was a key part of the Alabama team, doing the 100, 200 and both relays," says Long. "By the end of the college season he was tired, but Calvin is such a team man, he wouldn't have it any other way."

Especially not now, when it seems that all the racing he did this spring trained him to a new peak. "That high-level work can be beneficial—if you survive it," says Long. "Now that Calvin has rested, I think his legs are coming back. Well, Lord, I guess there's no question about that, is there?"

Both Smith and Long credited Lewis, even *in absentia*, with setting the climate for this record. "Carl's sprinting and jumping have made it like the time when the four-minute mile was first broken and suddenly it seemed like everyone could do it," said Long. "He's busted down the door of people's perceived limits. He's raised the level of what can be expected in his events."

Smith is the only athletic child among the five sons and three daughters raised by Mrs. Luretha Smith of Bolton, Miss., which is a suburb of Clinton, which is a suburb of Jackson. "Calvin is so dad-gum quiet, there aren't a whole lot of fancy stories about him," says Mitchell. "The nicest compliment we get comes whenever we meet coaches who have had him on overseas trips. They always say, 'You got any more like him?' He's down-to-earth. He's religious. He has a lot of respect for his momma. He is, and will continue to be, unaffected by what he does, and when you talk to him about it, he does a lot of listening."

Ashford felt her run was "nothing special" and was so stunned by her time she collapsed.

Smith plans a September wedding, to Melanie Patterson, and then will stay at Alabama into the Olympic year to get his degree and train with King under the eye of sprint Coach Wayne Williams.

But first there is the matter of the world championships in Helsinki. "I agree with Carl that his best competition will come from the American sprinters," says Smith. "I usually come on strong in the summer [and Lewis has been vulnerable late in the season], so everything will be exciting from now on."

Perhaps that sounded a touch too cocky to him, so he put a layer of Calvin Smith perspective on it. "I came to this meet feeling that I couldn't run a good time," he said. "I wasn't on, the season had been discouraging. All last week, I was thinking about why I wasn't running at my best. The more I kind of sifted things, the more I wondered if maybe it was that God was putting me through a test, letting me be disappointed to see if I would turn away. So I knew the thing to do was not to be disappointed. And then I came here, and the day was right, and there was Evelyn setting her record, and the crowd shouting for that got me excited. But I really didn't try for a world record. I just tried my best to remember what I'd worked on, and one came. So it *was* a test. I know it was. And the lesson is that world record or not, it won't sink in. I'm not going to get a big head. I'm going to stay me." **END**

July 3: a banner day for Smith and the U.S.

Big Designs On The Big Apple

Julie Ridge, Broadway actress and Channel swimmer, plans to make her next splash by swimming all around the town—twice **by DAN LEVIN**

Julie Ridge was doing push-ups at her New York City health club, but she wasn't doing wimpy *ladies'* push-ups on her hands and knees. She was up on her toes like a Green Beret, racing a one-minute time limit in a fitness evaluation test. Well before her 51st and final push-up, spectators had gathered. Who was this little dynamo with the circles pressed into the skin around her eyes?

A friend of Ridge's noticed the looks on the spectators' faces, and he told them, "That girl swam the English Channel last September. She's a Broadway actress, too." The logical response seemed to be, "Swam it or swam in it?" She seemed much too small and vulnerable to have swum across. As for Broadway, was there a Broadway in the Berkshires, maybe? It seemed possible that Ridge could have made it there, playing someone sweet and ingenuous like Julie in *Carousel*, covered in gingham and gazing soft-eyed at Billy Bigelow.

Of course, that was just a first impression. It turns out that the only part Ridge is miscast for is that of herself. The last play she appeared in was *Oh! Calcutta!*, billed as an "erotic musical comedy." She wasn't covered with gingham in that show. At times she wasn't covered with anything at all. After 18 months she finally quit *Oh! Calcutta!* to train for her Channel swim, a decision that provoked such headlines as: TURNS IN BIRTHDAY SUIT FOR BATHING SUIT and SHE AIMS FOR THE GREAT WET WAY.

What deceives people most about Ridge are her height—only 5′ 3″—and her heavy-lidded eyes, which make her look dreamy at times. The circles come from her swimming goggles, not fatigue. She's 26, but wearing patched jeans, worn Adidases, and red Snoopy watch she could pass for 17.

In August of 1981, a year before she would swim the Channel, Ridge had never swum more than a mile and a half nonstop. But she loved her daily pool swim, and *Oh! Calcutta!* had palled. "It was clear," she says now, "that the next goal in my life was to swim the English Channel."

It's difficult to imagine such a goal being clear to anyone other than Ridge. The director of Fort Lauderdale's Swimming Hall of Fame, Buck Dawson, watched her swim only five months before she set off in the Channel. "I was horrified," he says. "She was a nice girl, and very determined, but I didn't think she would ever make it, not with that stroke."

She almost didn't make it. It's only 25 miles—as the sea gull flies—from Dover, England to Cap Gris Nez, the nearest point in France, but Ridge swam 35 miles. She spent a total of 17 hours and 55 minutes in the water, because the strong Channel currents forced her to take a route shaped roughly like an M. Not that Ridge was daunted by such a marathon effort. A month before she left for England, when a young admirer asked, "How far can you swim?" she came up with the title of a song she hoped to write: *Flood the Sky and I'll Swim to the Moon.*

Now, barring unexpectedly bad weather, Ridge has settled for a slightly less formidable goal. On a very high tide, and soon, probably on the night of July 10, she will begin her attempt to become the first person to swim around Manhattan Island twice, nonstop; fewer than 25 have done it once. It is about 28 miles around the island, but swimmers who plan carefully are aided by the currents that parallel the shores and can wind up actually stroking only 18 miles. That makes 36 miles of swimming for twice around, and Ridge went about that far in the Channel. But circumnavigating Man-

Ridge's goals are as high as the downtown towers past which she'll swim—and swim.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

hattan is a tricky business, which is why on this afternoon she was doing push-ups. The health club at Manhattan Plaza, an apartment complex two blocks from Times Square, has a 25-yard pool, where Ridge does most of her swimming, and a weight and exercise room.

She began the push-ups only minutes after completing a two-mile workout in the pool. After she finished, fitness instructor Don Harvey told her, "That's phenomenal. Most women can't do even one men's push-up." But Ridge, who can do at least 60 in a minute when rested, seemed dejected. She didn't perk up any when Harvey weighed her in at 122 pounds ("I just ate," she grumbled. "It should be 118") or when he taped her measurements at 34½-28-35⅝. In *Oh! Calcutta!* her waist had been only 26.

It's tempting to analyze the psyches of people like Ridge: certain bits of history are irresistible to contemplate, one being that Julie, until she was five, would sit alone in a corner, sucking her thumb, speaking not a word. "I may have been autistic," she says. In contrast, her sister Lisa, three years older, sang and danced for visitors at the Ridges' Arlington, Va. home for the first eight years of her life.

continued

Ridge's mother, Jeanette, has a very different memory of Julie. She remembers her at three as "a child who could have been parachuted out of a plane over New York City and would have had the smarts to find her way home. What she's done so far is consistent with what I knew of her then. I could have predicted she'd accomplish whatever she set her mind to."

Ridge decided to be an actress at 12, after playing Maria in a summer camp production of *West Side Story*. Nine summers later she hadn't changed her mind, which is more remarkable than it would seem. She had just received a Bachelor of Fine Arts in acting from Boston University, where in four years she had been selected for only one part at the BU theater. The play was *Knickerbocker Holiday*, and there was a dog in the cast that evidently wasn't trained to respond on cue. Part of Ridge's role entailed sitting in the wings, barking.

The Manhattan fish will have this view of Ridge.

As a freshman at BU she began doing a daily mile at the university's 25-yard pool, but it wasn't for physical fitness. "It was a sanity thing," she says. As a sophomore, inching along at 45 minutes to the mile, she fantasized about competing in the Olympics. She even tried out for the BU swim team. She recalls, "I didn't know people swam a mile in less than 20 minutes. The coach took one look at me and my whole fantasy was blown to bits."

Ridge graduated in June 1978, and by the following February she was dancing and singing in the chorus of a historical revue in Hershey, entitled *Pennsylvania, U.S.A.* In May when it closed she went to Cincinnati for a sort of mini-*Grease* called *Rock Around the Clock*. She played a cheerleader. After *Rock Around the Clock* closed, the Chicago company of *Oh! Calcutta!*—Ridge calls it the farm team—offered her $475 per week and her first Actors' Equity contract, so she went to Chicago. When that show's run ended, she was summoned to the New York company.

That was in November of 1980. Soon after she arrived in New York she started swimming at Manhattan Plaza, keeping fit and sane. She'd been curious about her physical breaking point, and a period of hard swimming plus a stomach virus triggered its arrival. At a matinee of *Oh! Calcutta!* Ridge struggled through the opening skit, *Taking Off the Robe*, in which the cast of eight did what the title suggests. Then, in *Delicious Indignities*, she played an English lady named Helen Axminster, who is enticed to the flat of one Alfred Duff Porter. He offers her a seat in a chair he has rigged to trap her; she declines, steps to the window and is ensnared in the curtain pulls. Duff Porter then begins to disrobe her, but before he can finish, she kicks him, he falls into his own trick chair and is himself trapped. Then Ridge/Axminster begins a long, spicy monologue.

On this afternoon, however, she started feeling faint. "He, too, decided to tie my arms," she was saying. "Don't, don't, I. . . ." Her voice trailed off. Suddenly she slumped forward, hanging in the pulls like a marionette. The audience began to whisper. Finally, Duff Porter and the stage manager unfastened Ridge and carried her into the wings.

It would be nice to say that Ridge picked herself up and went back onstage, but such determination would have to wait for a far more crucial moment in the English Channel. Instead, she took the rest of the day off, a rare instance of moderate behavior on her circuitous way to France.

Her first concrete step toward the Channel swim was a 1982 New Year's resolution to leave *Oh! Calcutta!* the following May. By then she could save some money and still have five months to do nothing but train for a September crossing. She was already swimming two or more miles a day, but she knew nothing about distance swimming. So she read a dozen books on the subject and more than 30 magazine articles. She started taking cold showers, swam wearing a T shirt for extra drag, with a three-pound weight strapped to her waist to build strength and endurance.

Ridge left *Oh! Calcutta!* on May 2 and swam at the Hall of Fame pool for two weeks. Dawson was impressed with her pluck, if not her technique, and invited her to swim at his Ontario camp, Ak-O-Mak, in July. A week before leaving the camp, Ridge had completed a swim of 18 miles, and her time per mile was down to 35 minutes.

She arrived in England on Aug. 19, and immediately stopped eating fish. "I can't," she said. "I'll be swimming with them." But she ate nearly everything else, and just before dawn on the morning of Sept. 10 she weighed 128 pounds, not counting the 1½ pounds of lanolin and Vaseline that covered her.

At 5:10 a.m. the air temperature was 62° and the water an unusually warm—for the Channel—66° as Ridge stepped off Dover's Shakespeare Beach and stroked away for France. Accompanying her in the pilot boat *Lady Jean* were her father, Frank, her best friend, Vicki Rubin, and pilot Eric Baker. They would feed her hot chocolate and glucose tablets every hour or so and speak encouraging words, but except for an occasional "Yes, fine," she would converse only with herself.

She had never before stretched so far at the start of each stroke, and by the fourth hour the muscles around her ribs were aching. But she kept to a pace of 60 strokes per minute. Just before the fifth hour she said to herself, her lips moving, "This is the stupidest thing I've ever done. Never again." Then she thought,

continued

"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."

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"Yet I've given myself the greatest adventure of my life."

Time passed. Ridge's mind wandered. She had been swimming for 11 hours when her father, having conferred with Baker, shouted, "We're six miles off the Point [Cap Gris Nez]."

That was the good news, but there was the matter of the tide, which was just shifting to the west. That was the bad news. It would carry her away from the Point. "One more strong hour," her father urged. So Ridge swam one more strong hour. Then she swam two more, against an increasingly stronger tide. In the three hours, she had gained one mile. There were still five to go.

Earlier Ridge had entertained herself by writing imaginary success telegrams in her head. Now she began writing failure messages and thinking, "Fourteen hours and thirty minutes; that's something to be proud of."

Her father, subdued now, said, "There's an outside chance you can still get in, but it will take six or seven more hours." She lifted her goggles and said, "I'm tired. Let's go home."

The dinghy was lowered, but for some reason Ridge didn't move toward it. "I don't know what it was," she says. "I wanted to touch it, but part of me didn't believe it could be over."

Finally she asked her father, "What does Eric say?"

"We're three miles north of the Point now," Baker told her. "If you can swim for one hour, *hard*, you've got a shot."

Ridge bobbed in the water. "One more hour," she thought, "and tomorrow I'll be asleep in bed, whether I make it or not." So she stayed in the water.

It was 7:30. The sun had set. She stepped up her stroke rate to 62 and plowed on. Two and a half hours later her father shouted, "I can see lights on shore. They're less than three-quarters of a mile. You can make it!"

Ridge started rewriting the telegrams. Finally her father shouted, "Only half a mile. Can you do it?" From the dark water, from this small, exhausted figure, came a voice of unexpected power, "Of course."

Ridge swam on, at 64 strokes to the minute, until she realized that the *Lady Jean* was gone. The Channel had become too rocky and shallow for the boat, but she didn't know that. She was bewildered at having been left alone in the dark. Then she saw the dinghy headed towards her, the beam of a powerful flashlight shining from its bow. Rubin called out, "Follow the light." Ridge felt ground under her feet and replied, a look of astonishment on her face, "I'm standing up."

"Then get in the boat," Rubin said, and Rubin and Ridge's father dragged her into the dinghy like an exhausted fish. It was 11:05 p.m. Ridge drank some fresh water, ate a banana and started dictating real telegrams.

When Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the Channel, returned to New York in 1926 she was given a ticker-tape parade up Broadway, but that was 240 Channel swimmers ago. Ridge would have settled for a job on the same street—any job but her old one. In the next few months, she auditioned and interviewed for dozens of plays, while collecting unemployment. She told friends, "I hope they realize that if I could swim the Channel then I obviously have the discipline and fortitude to do something great in the theater."

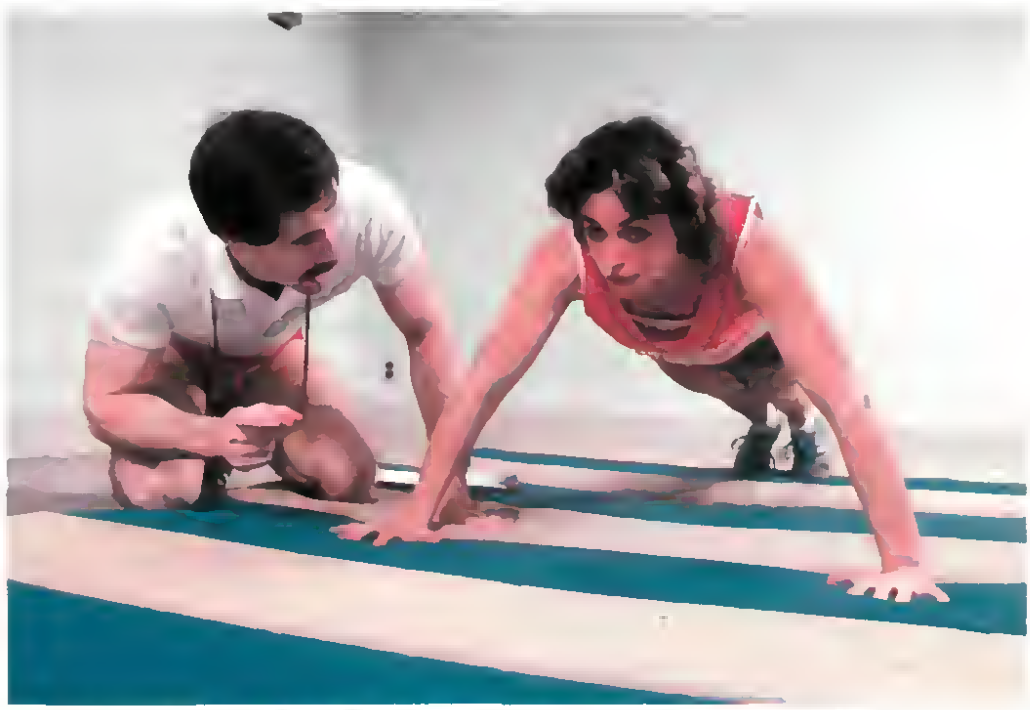
"Don't call us, we'll call you," she was told.

Ridge needed a new goal. She thought about swimming around Manhattan, but that had been done; then, during a workout at the Manhattan Plaza, she had a vision of herself completing a round-Manhattan swim. Thinking of her Channel distance she said to herself, "God, I'm halfway there."

Ridge's expenses in Manhattan for the swim will run to an estimated $7,000, half her Channel swim costs. She has financial backing from her health club, an insurance group, a swimsuit company and a bank. A musical agent, Steve Amiel, is searching for other sponsors, though he said recently, "Certain companies want a pristine image for their products, and because of *Oh! Calcutta!* they won't touch Julie."

But Ridge tries not to worry about money; she concentrates on her swimming. One April Sunday she went eight miles at an average speed of 30 minutes per mile, her best long swim ever. A few weeks later, on a typical training day, she woke at eight, lifted the cover from a 10-gallon fish tank in her apartment and said, "Good morning, kids," to Opal and Carny, her two corn snakes. Opal, four feet long, and Carny, a foot longer, are ideal pets for Ridge. They don't require a midnight walk in her seedy neighborhood on the fringe of the theater district.

continued



With Harvey to goad her on, Ridge has no trouble doing 60 or so "men's" push-ups in a minute.

and their total food bill is only $5 a week, five 50¢ mice apiece.

The staple item of Ridge's diet is 59¢-a-pound turkey legs. She also eats whole grain cereals, peanut butter, fruit, salads and homemade spinach lasagna. She avoids red meat, refined sugar and refined flour, coffee, alcohol and all medications. She eats beneath a poster that depicts a society gent leaning against a Rolls-Royce. The caption reads POVERTY SUCKS. She would like to make enough money in the theater or from doing commercials to own a sprawling condominium apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side, to fly her own private plane and to build a repertory theater on the banks of Boston's Charles River. All it will take for a start, she hopes, is to swim around Manhattan Island twice, and for the right theater and advertising people to notice.

Ridge's present Manhattan apartment, a fourth-floor walk-up, is her 12th New York City residence in less than five years. It has an unfortunate history—the previous tenant was found strangled on the living room floor. Out the kitchen window, rising in the near distance, is one of Manhattan Plaza's two apartment towers. On this morning, after the five-minute walk to the swim club, she did a 1,200-yard warmup in the pool. Then she started her sprints, 12 of 100 yards, three of 500 and 10 of 50. Her flip turns were full of snap. A large man doddered toward her in midlane, expecting her to give way. At the very last moment he threw up his arm; she grazed his chest and plowed on.

After lunch she swam two consecutive miles, in 31:09 and 29:56, hurried through a 13-station Nautilus workout and, looking into one aspect of a possible film career, attended a meeting of stunt men and women. "I don't know how well I'd take a punch," she said, "but the pay is good, and"—the thought seemed to delight her—"it's a risky business."

A few days later, Ridge took a Circle Line tourist boat from the line's West 42nd Street terminal for the trip around Manhattan. It was a sort of inspection tour of the course for her July 10 swim. The island is bound on the west by the Hudson River and on the south, east and north by straits called the East River, by the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek. The ocean tides that surge in and out of New York Bay to the south and Long Island Sound to the east of Manhattan can cause the currents in the various waterways to change directions in a matter of minutes.

Snakes alive! Ridge chats with a couple of her friends.

Ridge will begin her swim from 89th Street on the East River at about 10 p.m., swimming north for half a mile through a wild confusion of currents called Hell Gate to the seven-mile stretch of the Harlem and Spuyten Duyvil. Then she will ride the tide down the Hudson to the Battery, the southern tip of Manhattan, for another 12 miles or so. The swim thus far is relatively easy, although the Harlem can be very foul. The Circle Line captain, a 22-year veteran, told Ridge, "I know guys who went in to save people and got ear infections. I've seen bodies, too."

"Many?"

"Double figures."

At the Battery, Ridge will head back up the East River. But her timing has to be precise. If she gets to the Battery in less than six hours, the current in the East River will still be flowing south, and she will have to swim against it until it turns. If it takes her more than eight hours to reach the Battery, the willful current will have turned north and then south again, and she will have to give up and go home.

Even with the current in the right direction, the East River is no piece of cake. In some places the tide rips along at more than five knots and there are beams from crumbling piers in those currents. There are whirlpools. There can also be three-foot waves, with deep troughs between them.

Last July, when Drury Gallagher set the 7:14:44 course record around Manhattan, he swam the seven or so miles from the Battery to East 89th Street in 90 minutes. Even a beer bottle can make it in 2½ hours, which means that any swimmer who has ever completed one lap around Manhattan has almost certainly done so in from 7:14:44 to 10 hours. Above 89th Street, on her second lap, Ridge will find the Harlem River is flowing the wrong way. If she gets there in 10 hours, she'll have to swim in place against the current for 2½ hours. If she gets there in eight hours, she'll go nowhere for four.

It would be very easy to quit at that point, for the Harlem will be no sweeter the second time around, the demands of the Battery no more considerate, the East River no more gentle. But Ridge doesn't dwell on those things. A few hours after her scouting trip on the Circle Line she stood in her kitchen, with Opal coiled around her waist, the snake's tongue flicking in and out, and sang her song: "No ocean's too wide/ No tide is too soon/ Challenge me, oooo, flood the sky/ And I'll swim to the moon." **END**

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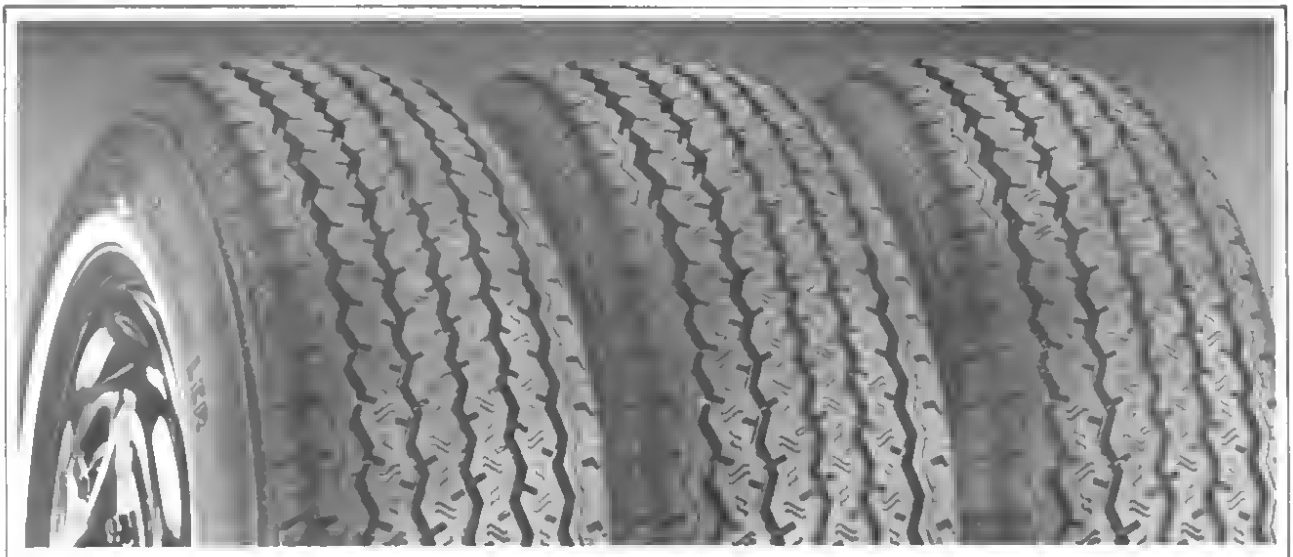

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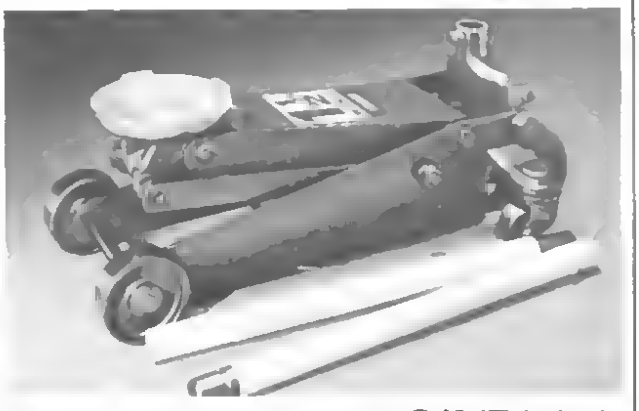

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A Grand Old Girl Steals The Show

At the start of a race, white-hulled Courageous and Defender maneuver at close quarters.

Courageous gave a special magic to surprisingly close U.S. trials as America's Cup competition began

by SARAH PILEGGI

The 25th America's Cup season is upon us. Ordinarily that would portend another long, leisurely summer filled with elegant boats and even more elegant parties that would build slowly in its own anachronistic way to an early September climax when the defender of and the challenger to the longest winning streak in the history of sports are chosen.

However, this America's Cup summer, only one month old, has already taken on the character of a genuine battle, especially on the domestic front. *Courageous*, the *grande dame* of postwar America's Cup competition, successful defender of the Cup in 1977 in the hands of Captain Outrageous, Ted Turner, has reemerged, with new underpinnings, as the star of the early trials, stealing the spotlight from *Defender*, her teammate, and *Liberty*, the debutante from the rival American camp. Furthermore, a decidedly unyachtsman-like war of words has erupted between two contending American skippers that promises to provide entertainment if the proceedings on the water should pall.

And in the meantime a record number of foreign challengers are engaged in a struggle of their own on Rhode Island Sound. But that's another story. For the moment let's look at the home team.

Newport Offshore, Ltd. is just one of several boatyards on the crowded waterfront, but this summer it is the busiest. Because it is newer than the rest, it is less picturesque, if your preference is for old salts and barnacle-covered pilings, but it is big and well-equipped enough to handle six of the nine foreign and domestic Cup syndicates with plenty of room to spare.

At the heart of the action at Newport Offshore is the *Defender/Courageous* Group, the "other" American syndicate. Its compound, alongside those of the French, the Italians and the Australians, is surrounded by a six-foot-high chain

link fence that would look forbidding if it were not for the fact that the gate stands open and unguarded. People wander in and out of the compound, some of them tourists who stand, quiet and respectful, just looking around and being careful not to get in the way

At the water's edge four boats are parked—two tenders and two 12-meters with masts eight stories high. *Defender*, the blue one with narrow racing stripes around her hull, is a new boat and the one that Tom Blackaller, 43, will steer. The other, with the white hull and a deck painted "seafoam" green, is *Courageous*, the winner in 1974 as well as '77. Her skipper this time around is John Kolius, 32, a pleasant sailmaker from Houston who looks no older than his crew

Next door at the Williams & Manchester boatyard, established 1858, are berthed Dennis Conner's two boats, *Liberty*, the newest of the three Twelves he has had built since 1981—his syndicate's two-year budget is $4 million—and *Freedom*, the 1980 defender. No other Twelves are berthed at Williams & Manchester. And that suits Conner's style, just as lots of people and boats suit the *Defender/Courageous* Group The gate of Conner's compound stands open, too, but it is harder to find, and any tourist who happened upon it would know he was off limits without being told

And if the same tourist were out on the water during June's preliminary trials, he would have known without being told that something exciting was going on In all but four races the margin was less than a minute Indeed, after Victor Romagna, a member of the New York Yacht Club committee that will choose the defender in late August, watched *Defender* beat *Courageous* by a mere six seconds on a shortened, two-leg course one afternoon, he said, "It was just the greatest race I ever saw, the greatest "

The biggest surprise of the preliminary trials was that Conner's *Liberty* lost its first three races, one to *Courageous* and Kolius, and two to *Defender* and Blackaller. In the 1980 trials the Conner-*Freedom* juggernaut rolled to 43 wins against only four losses, and since then he has worked so hard and spent so much money building boats he hoped would be better than *Freedom* that people, understandably, had come to think he was unbeatable. But then *Liberty* charged back and won five of her next seven races, defeating *Courageous* three times and *Defender* twice, and the ball was back in the *Defender-Courageous* court.

The selection process for the defender is whatever the New York Yacht Club's selection committee wants it to be The club has held the America's Cup ever since one of its members brought it home from England in 1851, and what the club would like to do is keep the Cup for another 100 years, at least So it chooses the boat to defend it very carefully. The selection committee will keep track of the results of the trials for the rest of the summer, but it will also be making note of the way each boat behaves in a variety of wind conditions, the way its crew behaves under pressure and even, it appears, the way the crew dresses. One hot day during the June trials, a committee member admonished the crew of *Courageous*, most of whom are new to the game, about racing with their shirts off

Sometimes the committee's choice is difficult, as in 1974 when it chose *Courageous* over the older wooden boat *Intrepid* when the score of the Final Trials was 5 to 4 in *Courageous*' favor though *Intrepid* had a summer-long advantage of 11–10. But 1980 was easy. Conner's crew behaved itself and kept its shirts on at all times, though it hardly mattered, because with a score like 43–4 Conner could have had naked dancing girls on deck and still been picked The New York Yacht Club prefers decorum, but if it came to a choice between decorous behavior and losing the Cup . .

Tom Blackaller is far from decorous. He is loud, boisterous and, more often than not, outrageously candid. Blackaller and Gary Jobson, the tactician on *Defender*, formed the *Defender/Courageous* syndicate in their minds while still in the cockpit of Russell Long's luckless *Clipper* during those 1980 trials, watching as Conner and *Freedom* sailed past *Clipper* for the 26th and last time. They had two objectives—to beat Conner and to prove thereby that sailing is still an art,

continued

Boisterous Blackaller keeps things aboil.

Kolius steers clear of waterfront feuds.

not one more computer-infested science.

Aside from the fact that they are both Californians and world-class sailors, Blackaller and Conner are about as different as two people can be. Conner is a San Diego businessman with a wife and two young children. Blackaller is a San Francisco sailmaker who has two almost-grown daughters, but who has been divorced and leading a bachelor's life for many years. Conner is cautious, Blackaller is a plunger. Conner is reserved, Blackaller is an extrovert. Conner smiles, Blackaller laughs. Conner's words are few and measured, Blackaller's tumble out in a torrent, usually a loud torrent.

"There are similarities between Dennis and me, though," says Blackaller. "We're both very dedicated to the competitive aspect of sailing. That's all he thinks about, and that's all I think about. But we're very different in our approach to it. His is militaristic. As I see it, he approaches competition as the Pentagon would approach designing a weapons system. You know, no stone unturned, billions of dollars thrown at it, years of testing and everybody going around saying 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir.' That's abhorrent to me."

While Blackaller was the inspiration for the *Defender/Courageous* two-boat effort, its principal fund raiser in the beginning and, through the force of his rambunctious personality, its most visible and audible member, he speaks for himself, not for the *Defender/Courageous* syndicate as a whole. In fact, some in the campaign say frankly that they wish he would shut up once in a while. But Tom is Tom, they say, and respect for his talents as a helmsman and a competitor is universal. Two Star class world championships, four hemisphere titles and a career that covers 30 years and, according to his count, 4,000 races on big boats and small, always at the helm, give a man a certain cachet in boating circles, especially when he also looks like some sort of seagoing Marlboro man. Wherever Blackaller goes, people stare, whether they know who he is or not.

In spite of Blackaller's powerful presence, diversity is the keynote in the *Defender/Courageous* camp. Jobson, who is Blackaller's right-hand man on both land and water, is a tall, thoughtful fellow who lectures and writes about sailing for a living and has been the sailing coach for both the Merchant Marine and Naval academies. Kolius is a low-key Texan who owns a sailmaking business in Houston and avoids the waterfront feuds that swirl around him. He is a rare skipper in that he works side by side on a daily basis with his crew. When *Courageous*' hull needed fairing in April and a Mamaroneck, N.Y. boatyard said the job would take weeks, Kolius and his young, devoted crew worked 12 hours a day and got the job done in 10 days.

Kolius joined the campaign to work on the tuning of both boats and eventually took over the helm of *Courageous*. In December, when the crews, which had been intermingling up to then, were finally assigned to one boat or the other, Kolius ended up with the older boat and the younger, less experienced crew. It was generally understood, though never stated, that in spite of the group's two-boat concept, *Defender* would probably wind up superior. They would continue to compete, and *Courageous* would enter the trials, as planned, but if anyone were going to beat Conner, it would probably be Blackaller and *Defender*.

Rounding a weather mark, Conner has Liberty safely ahead of Kolius' Courageous.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

If *Defender*/*Courageous* was the underdog syndicate at that point, *Courageous* was the underdog's underdog. Ten-year-old 12-meters make sentimental favorites, not betting favorites. The position suited Kolius' style perfectly and in June *Courageous* up and won four of six races from *Defender*. "John has done a lot of things people have not expected him to do," says Kolius' tactician, John Bertrand. "For instance, winning the silver medal in Solings at the '76 Olympics. He's sort of always been the underdog, and he's really thriving on it."

Quietly, and far from the limelight, Kolius began to knit his young crew together. "At the top levels of all professional sports and all highly competitive amateur sports, it gets down to who has the most cohesive unit," says Kolius. "That's what I strive for. The Steelers didn't win all those Super Bowls just because of Bradshaw."

"It occurs to me," says Blackaller, "that the guys on *Courageous* may be a little more enthusiastic. They're more rah-rah than we are. They're getting up every morning, and as a group they're running around, you know, doing all that crap. But that's good for them. It's pumping them up."

Bertrand says, "On *Defender* they have all the really good sailors who are known to be good, who feel that they're good. That's their image of themselves. On *Courageous* we're maybe not such superstars and we have to work that much harder. Every morning we meet at 6:30 and either run or do aerobics. The *Defender* crowd kind of gets up whenever they feel like it."

Blackaller and Jobson were able to attract good sailors because they had two boats to offer, and both would actually enter the trials, instead of the more common arrangement—one starter and one trial horse. "Gary and I designed the system that way because we felt that having the boats competing against each other would raise the competitive level of both boats and make it more enjoyable for everybody involved," says Blackaller. "I wouldn't like to be around a situation in which there's one boat and the other guys can't ever race. That B team over there," he said, gesturing toward Conner's dock, where *Freedom* and her crew were doing nothing at all. "They *couldn't* be enjoying themselves. Geez, I mean, for two years they've been practicing and now they can't even go out and race the few races we have. I couldn't put somebody through that."

Courageous, besides being good competition, has also been an effective fund raiser. Blackaller estimates that hundreds of thousands of dollars have flowed into the program because of the glamour that surrounds her. "We could have used *Clipper* or *Enterprise*; they were both available to us," Blackaller says. "But neither of those boats has the charisma of *Courageous*. People love her. They love that we're bringing her back. In our own camp some of the *Defender* guys get ticked off because everybody loves *Courageous*."

Even Conner admires *Courageous*. "*Courageous* has always been a good boat," he said one day, standing near the Airstream trailer that is his office within the compound. "Kolius is a good sailor with a wonderful bunch of guys. If there is a surprise, it's that Blackaller is having such a hard time with them. He's struggling. I think there's probably a little anxiety over there on the black boat."

By "black boat," Conner meant *Defender*, which is a dark blue. Conner doesn't like Blackaller any better than Blackaller likes Conner. He's just quieter

continued

about it. The mutual animosity is said to date back to their years in the Star class, in which Conner, too, is two-time world champion. Blackaller baits Conner mercilessly. If he tells reporters, as he did midway through the June trials, that he thinks Conner is sandbagging and thereby sabotaging the entire American effort, he knows that reporters, in the interests of evenhandedness and lively copy, will trot over to Williams & Manchester, which they did, and say to Conner, "Blackaller says you're sandbagging."

Despite helmsman Conner's lavish resources, Liberty lagged in the early June going.

"That's my business, not Tom's business," Conner snaps. But then he smiles a sly little smile and says, "We do what we have to do to win."

Blackaller's baiting of Conner is a two-way psych, partly an attempt to ruffle Conner's feathers, partly meant to keep his own juices flowing. Blackaller admitted as much one day when *Defender* had lost two races to *Courageous* on bad starts. "I do better on the starting line against Conner than I do against Kolius. I guess I don't hate Kolius enough. I need to get stirred up."

But Blackaller is also a naturally candid fellow, and Conner's tendency to play his game close to the vest drives Blackaller nuts. "This winter in California we tried like hell to get a race week going with *Freedom*, but they wouldn't touch it. That's typical of Conner, not getting together when we were 80 miles apart. The whole defense effort would have had to get better if we had. His chance of winning might have been minutely diminished because maybe we would have learned something, but his attitude was that he had nothing to learn from us. It shows you how he thinks. If we learned from him, then we'd get a little better, then he'd have to get a little better to beat us, and the whole competition would get better. But he wouldn't do it, and he's a goddamned *drip* for not doing it." This time Blackaller's exasperation is genuine, and with his huge fist he smacks the back of the couch on which he's sitting.

Another thing that galls Jobson and Blackaller is Conner's insistence on racing only one of his two Twelves, when he has *Freedom*, possibly just as good as *Liberty*, sitting at the dock. "Because we have only three boats, we're only racing two out of three days," says Jobson. "With four we could all race every day and we'd learn a lot more."

Conner, of course, doesn't agree. He points out that *Courageous* and *Clipper* were a cooperative effort in 1980. "Ted Turner? Win one, lose 17. *Clipper*? Win three, lose 26. I'll let the record book speak for itself."

Conner has not ruled out the possibility he might switch from *Liberty* back to *Freedom* for this month's trials. "We'll continue to try to optimize both boats until we feel it's too late to change," he said after his last June race. And sure enough, the day after he said that, *Freedom* was out of the water, her keel hidden from view by sailcloth on which the words NO PEEKING—VERRRY SECRET were printed in black letters. Even though *Liberty* was making a comeback, it was probably not lost on Conner (it surely was not lost on anyone else) that he had already dropped more races than he did in all of the '80 trials and that just possibly this year's *Defender* and *Courageous* are in a different league from *Courageous* and *Clipper*.

If their effort is major league this time, Conner himself can take part of the credit. He taught the 12-meter class a powerful lesson in 1980—that nothing less than total preparation would suffice—and every major syndicate has taken the lesson to heart. The two best Australian boats, *Australia II* and *Challenge 12*, raced each other for almost a year before they were brought to Newport. Peter de Savary budgeted $8 million and two years for the British effort. *Defender* and *Courageous* have been practicing for more than a year on two coasts. The cost of a campaign has doubled, but the syndicates go along because Conner had made it impossible for them to do otherwise.

"In the Star boats," says Blackaller, "Dennis tended not to be competitive unless he took three or four months before the regatta and did just sailing. Now, *nobody* does that in Stars. Nobody. Not even the pros like myself. To me, that doesn't have anything to do with sport. That's as unsporting a thing as I can think of. But now maybe we have him caught, because we've done the same thing he's done. We should be as well prepared as he is. And when that happens, I kick his ass. That's what this thing is all about."

Liberty, 5 and 5. *Defender*, 5 and 6. *Courageous*, 6 and 5. Sit back, America's Cup fans, and enjoy the fun. It may be a long summer, but not a dull one. **END**

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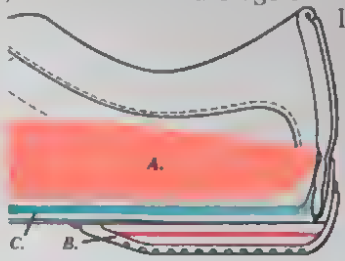

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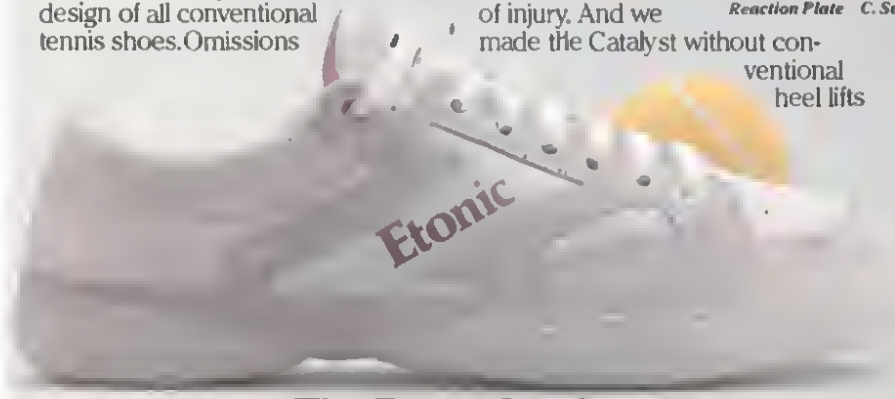

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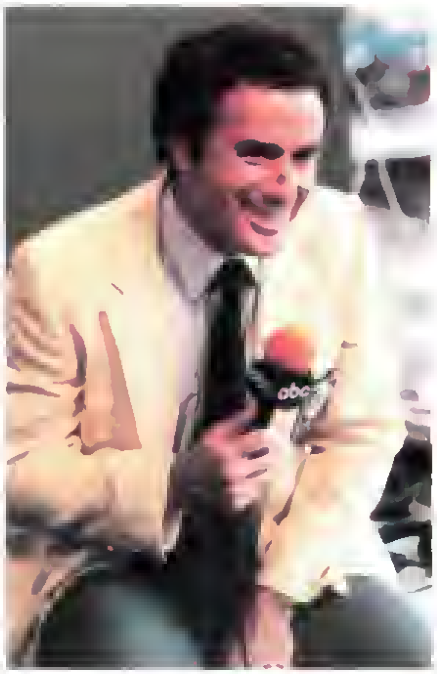
Alfalfa has sprouted at last

After being sold short for years, Al Michaels has become a top commodity

by William Taaffe



Michaels knows when to keep quiet on the air.

Why it took ABC seven years to make impeccable Al Michaels its premier baseball announcer and to shunt folksy ol' Keith Jackson onto the likes of the Georgia Bulldawgs and the USFL full time, only Roone Arledge knows for sure. The party line is that Jackson asked to be taken off baseball, a turn of mind we can only applaud. Jackson's a delight on football, but Michaels may be the best baseball play-by-play man this side of that great TV booth in the sky. With ABC well into its schedule of 12 Monday night games, to be followed by three Sunday afternoon regular-season games and the World Series, it's safe to say that Alfalfa futures are headed up on the commodities market.

Alfalfa, of course, is the nickname that Howard Cosell stole from ABC gagman and former baseball announcer Bob Uecker and applied to Michaels. Cosell also calls Michaels, 38, "a very pleasant kid" and "a lovely boy" with "excellent intelligence" who "could become a major figure in my profession." Seeing as how Michaels has to work with Cosell on most Monday nights this summer, enduring his sociological discourses, picky reproofs, posturing and occasional paternalism, it's nice to know that Michaels passes muster.

At one time, the rap against Michaels was that he's a clone of Vin Scully, the Dodger virtuoso who also does play-by-play on NBC's *Game of the Week*. Michaels, who was born in Brooklyn and happened to move to Los Angeles a few months after the Dodgers did in 1957, grew up under the caress of Scully's voice, and he did sound eerily like Scully upon arriving at ABC in 1976. But Michaels has his own style now. His call of the game is crisp, restrained and knowledgeable. He has a manner with players and managers that puts them at ease, allowing him to obtain inside information that most other broadcasters don't get. Further, he doesn't run off at the mouth, so you don't feel he's overexposed, even though he works 50 events a year. The comparison with Scully is inappropriate, Scully being more the lyricist and Michaels the hard-facts reporter. However, Alfalfa may actually appeal to more fans than the redhead, at least on television.

All of which makes it amazing that Michaels, who began splitting ABC's primary baseball games with Jackson during the '79 Series, wasn't given top billing until this season. Michaels thought his call of the U.S. hockey team's victory over the Soviet Union at the 1980 Olympics would give him the boost he needed. In a tour de force before 51 million viewers, he pronounced every name without a hitchski, came up with one of the most memorable lines in sports broadcasting—"Do you believe in miracles? *YES!*"—and then wisely shut up. "There were 40 things rushing into my mind to really cap what happened," he recalls, "but something deep down inside me said, 'Quiet, quiet, don't say anything.' " Still, his career languished. ABC had a No. 1 guy for everything—the NFL, college football, boxing, anthologies, even bowling—so Michaels had to settle for being No. 2 on all of them. Last March ABC asked Michaels to back up Jackson on a USFL game. Tired of being second man, he refused. That didn't win him any friends at the network, which considers team spirit the highest virtue.

One reason Jackson pales as a baseball broadcaster in comparison with Michaels is that Jackson has never done play-by-play to the extent that Michaels has. Baseball is a game of nuance and measured pace: you need a rich background to fill in the spaces. Michaels got a Ph.D. in baseball from 1968 to '76, when he did announcing stints with the Hawaii Islanders, Cincinnati Reds and San Francisco Giants. In other words, he has earned the right to sit in the booth and listen to Cosell correct him on the phonetics of Tony PER-ez' name—"Which is *really* the way his name is pronounced, Al," lectured Cosell during a recent telecast.

How is Cosell to work with? Not impossible. Michaels says: "He's impetuous, and in a way it's fun because you don't know where he's going to take the broadcast. There's a downside to Howard because there are times when he does monopolize. There are also times, the last couple of years in particular, when Howard takes a couple of innings off. He tends to go in spurts."

Although the "Coach," as everyone at ABC calls Cosell, loves to point out his colleagues' mistakes, he and Alfalfa seem to get along as well as can be expected. And Michaels can dish it out, too. A few Monday nights back, while reading a promo for a *Nightline* segment that would deal with research into baldness, Michaels glanced gleefully at Cosell. "This may be the night for me to look at *Nightline*," said Cosell, accepting the bait. "It may be a little late, though." END

Chacon spurned $450,000 to fight Camacho, so the WBC stripped him of his title.

WBC super featherweight title from Rafael (Bazooka) Limon. Then on May 15 of this year, Chacon fought Boza-Edwards again and won a unanimous decision, even though he bled through most of the fight from cuts around the eyes that afterward required 40 stitches.

Given his new championship, his first in seven years, and his win over Boza-Edwards, Chacon should have been on top of the world. And he was, until last week, when the WBC stripped him of the title for not fulfilling a contract to fight the No. 1 contender, Hector (Macho) Camacho of New York. The contract is with Don King, who uses the WBC as his enforcement tool. King, who signed Chacon to a Camacho bout well before Chacon's win over Boza-Edwards increased his earnings potential, offered $450,000. No way, says Chacon, who wants $1 million for a Camacho fight. The legal consequences are: King has a suit against Chacon for breach of contract, and Chacon was planning to file an action early this week against the WBC.

Stripping a champion of his title isn't a new practice in the sweet science, but the Mexico City-based WBC, which along with the Panama-based WBA issues

Bobby Chacon's wife took her life, and his title was taken away, but he remains wedded to boxing

by RALPH WILEY

'Fighting Is Like A Wife'

If he'd used logic, Bobby Chacon would have retired from the ring on the night of May 30, 1981. But then logic and Chacon have never gone hand in hand, or even toe to toe. On that night in May two years ago, Cornelius Boza-Edwards, then the WBC super featherweight champion, knocked out Chacon in the 13th round. Chacon was 29, an "old 29"—boxing's way of describing a fighter who has had too many fights and lost the extra quickness that's essential in the lighter weight divisions. Chacon had had 52 fights, he had held the WBC featherweight championship for nine months back in the mid-'70s, and after the licking by Boza-Edwards he looked finished. But Chacon didn't see it that way. "I sensed something fighting against Boza that night," Chacon says now. "I felt older, smarter. I felt I knew how to beat him."

As a result, Chacon's life, which already had taken some bizarre twists, took a new turn. Last Dec. 11, he won the rankings and sanctions title fights, has been outdoing itself of late. The WBC threatened to strip the title from Marvelous Marvin Hagler, the undisputed world middleweight champion, and preposterously blustered about taking the title away from Larry Holmes, its own undefeated heavyweight king. But Chacon, who lacks the stature of a Holmes or a Hagler, is vulnerable politically to the machinations of the WBC, no matter how many hearings on boxing the U.S.

Congress holds. "You win and defend the title in the ring," says Chacon's attorney, Thomas Winfield, "and Bobby has done that. He's still the guy who beat Limon for the title and defended against Boza-Edwards, then the WBC's No. 1 contender. In the eyes of the American people, Bobby is the champion."

True, but oddly enough such logic eludes Chacon. "I don't care about the title," he says. "I'm in this for the money." But without a title Chacon would have trouble getting $450,000 to fight Camacho, let alone the $1 million he insists he's worth. He wants it all, even though he risks losing it all, which is the way Chacon has lived his whole life.

Chacon grew up near Los Angeles, in Pacoima in the San Fernando Valley. He had three brothers and three sisters, all younger, and they were raised by his mother, Gloria, and stepfather, John Banegas. At Maclay Junior High and San Fernando High, Chacon was a good athlete, a so-so student—although of Mexican descent, he flunked Spanish—and a tremendous street fighter who carried a blackjack in his lunch pail. In 1968, his junior year at San Fernando High, Valorie Ginn enrolled. She was a quiet, attractive girl of Chinese and Irish extraction, and Chacon was transformed when he saw her.

"I was having a party, and I asked her if she wanted to go," he recalls. "We were never really apart after that." He began seeing less of the streets and more of Valorie. They watched fights from Los Angeles' Forum and Olympic Auditorium on TV, and Valorie, knowing that Bobby was handy with his fists, told him, "You can do that. You know you can."

"I gave boxing a try because she asked me to," Chacon says. "I went into Jimmy Flores' gym in Pacoima with long hair and jeans. They told me to come back the next day with a haircut and five dollars. I didn't have five dollars, so I went to work out in Rocky Lane's garage. I was down from 145 pounds to 125 in six weeks." He was working as a laborer at Lockheed and thinking about getting a boxing license. But Valorie was a step ahead of him. "She called me one day and said she was bringing my lunch," he says. "The license was in it."

Chacon's amateur career was brief. "I knocked out the first guys I faced in two rounds or less," he says. Joey Ponce, still Chacon's trainer, was then also his manager. In 1971, Bobby and Valorie were married, and the next year he turned pro. In his first year he faced 15 opponents and beat them all. He knocked out all but one, and he didn't get more than $375 for a fight until the 12th—against Juan Montoya. His purse was $1,000.

In June of 1973, Chacon was a cocky 19–0 when he faced former world bantamweight champion Ruben Olivares for $10,000 in the Forum. Valorie was four months pregnant. Olivares knocked out Chacon in the ninth round. But Chacon bounced back. In September of 1974, he knocked out Alfredo Marcano in the ninth round to win the WBC world featherweight championship. In March of 1975, Chacon made his first defense of the title, knocking out Jesus Estrada in

continued

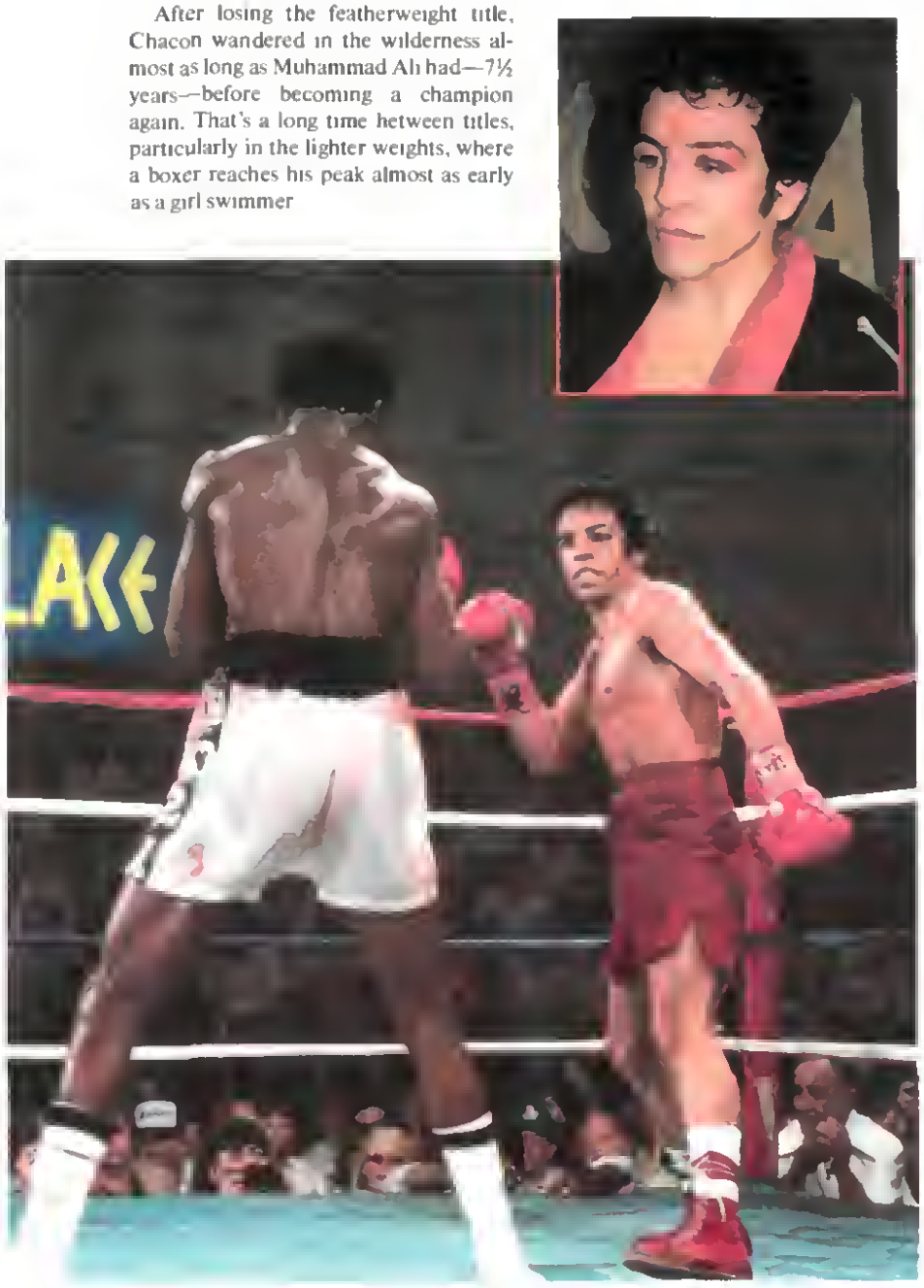
Among the diversions on Chacon's spread are rides on a four-legged featherweight.

the second round. Then that June he fought Olivares again, but he was 14 pounds overweight two weeks before the fight. The enforced dieting he had to undergo made him very weak. He tipped the scales at 124½, a pound and a half under the limit. At the weigh-in Olivares grinned and said, "Chacon said he was going to knock me out in three rounds. Well, I just saw him. I'll knock him out in one or two." This time, Olivares knocked out Chacon in the second.

After losing the featherweight title, Chacon wandered in the wilderness almost as long as Muhammad Ali had—7½ years—before becoming a champion again. That's a long time between titles, particularly in the lighter weights, where a boxer reaches his peak almost as early as a girl swimmer.

Less than a year after Chacon lost the title, in February of 1976, a club fighter named David Sotelo battered him bloody and nearly unconscious. Chacon's purse was $4,500. In tears, Valorie went to the dressing room in the Olympic Auditorium and asked her husband to retire. He agreed. "Boxing was something he was good at," Valorie told reporters, "but something he's done for long enough."

But in the next few years he returned to the ring a number of times and retired a number of times. Valorie grew fearful of what might happen to Bobby. She was also concerned about his behavior out of the ring. "She thought no one loved her," Chacon says. "She wanted me to sit down and love her. Valorie was a homebody. I fooled around and she left. I promised I'd give up playing around to get her back. Val was always home with the babies and never got the chance to develop her head."



His blood-and-guts defense against Boza-Edwards eventually cost Chacon 40 stitches.

In 1979, after Chacon was stopped in seven rounds by Alexis Arguello, then the WBC super featherweight champ, Valorie insisted that the family move from the San Fernando Valley to Palermo, 65 miles north of Sacramento. Alan Ginn, one of Valorie's three brothers, had bought 40 acres of land outside town, and he sold 20 of them to Bobby and Valorie. They moved into a double-wide mobile home on the property in 1980.

In 1981 Chacon had five fights, including his loss to Boza-Edwards. While he was away on boxing trips, Valorie's mother, Mae, would come to visit. Valorie was depressed. "She felt bad all the time, not just around his fights," says Bob Huskey, a family friend. "Bobby was taking a lot of punishment. Valorie felt guilty. She had gotten him into fighting, and now she couldn't justify it in her mind."

By all accounts, Valorie was also becoming paranoid. "She was afraid, so she made me buy her a rifle," Chacon says. "She'd say, 'Bobby, we've got to fence this place in.' She knew how to use the rifle. I had taught her."

In February 1982, Valorie attempted suicide while Chacon was in Sacramento fighting Renan Marota. "She pleaded with me not to go," Chacon says. "She was weak-looking. She took sleeping pills. She told our daughter Johna, 'Now I'm going to lock this bedroom door. Don't you let anyone bother me.'"

Johna, then 11, obeyed her mother. After a while, Ginn came over and asked for Valorie. When he couldn't open the bedroom door, he took off the hinges and rescued his sister. "She got mad at the hospital when she woke up and found out that she wasn't dead," Chacon says. "She ripped the tubes out of her arm and walked out. She disappeared. I suppose she thought I had something going on the side."

Valorie was missing for a month, until she was found wandering around the

airport at Sacramento, muttering about guns. "When I came to get her, she looked beautiful, like always," Chacon says. "I never even thought about her seeing a psychiatrist. Never. I wouldn't do that. She had lost 20 pounds between January and March. She just wanted me to get out of boxing. And I wanted to get out. But I went to Sacramento to get ready to fight [Salvador] Ugalde. We talked on the phone. We argued."

On Monday, March 15, five days after Valorie had been found at the airport, Chacon says that Mae called him to say, "Bobby, Val's acting real funny." Several minutes later, Mae was on the phone again. Says Chacon, "It sounded like she was laughing. She was hysterical. She said, 'Bobby, Val's shot herself.' "

Valorie urged Chacon to fight—and then to quit.

The rifle at home was usually not loaded because Mae was afraid of guns. But before Chacon left to fight Ugalde, Valorie asked him to load it for her protection and he did. A little after noon on March 15, Valorie kissed her children's pictures, locked the bedroom door, placed the barrel of the loaded rifle against her head and pulled the trigger. After Mae told Chacon what had happened, he all but burned up the engine of an Oldsmobile Omega speeding from Sacramento to Palermo.

The next night he was back in Sacramento for the fight with Ugalde. A ring physician, Dr. P.B. Montemayor, checked Chacon's blood pressure 10 times in 30 minutes before the fight, and it remained a low 110 over 70. Dr. Montemayor told Herb Michelson of the *Sacramento Bee*, "I could not even say Bobby was in grief; the fight was all I think he had on his mind."

Alan and Valorie's father, James Ginn, were in Chacon's corner that night. Alan stayed with Chacon and spoke to the press for him. Chacon says he asked James if he should fight, and James replied, "Let's fight and get it over with." Chacon adds, "He loved Val so much. He said that she came back to him in a dream. He told me she'd come to say goodby to me. He had a bad heart attack late last year. They said he was dead for three minutes. But he said Val sent him back."

Chacon knocked out Ugalde in the third round, setting the stage for his December challenge for the title against Limon, whom he had fought three times previously, losing the first, drawing the second, winning the third.

"There was bad blood between us," Chacon says of Limon. It was the fight of the year, Aaron Pryor vs. Arguello notwithstanding. (And his recent match with Boza-Edwards was the most action-packed major fight so far in '83.) In the final seconds of the 15th round, Chacon floored Limon, won the round, therefore the fight and the title. Afterward, Chacon went to see Limon in his dressing room, and the loser told him, "I'm sorry about your wife. Take care of your children."

Chacon is standing in the bedroom of the mobile home. "It happened here," he says. "I couldn't believe how much blood. I turned her over, saw the hole." His voice quavers. "Alan was the one who found her, taking her last breaths. When I saw her she looked as beautiful to me as ever."

The three children, Johna, 12, Bobby Jr. (Chico), nine, and Jayme, seven, are there in the mobile home with Chacon. "They know that I'm not going to let them go," he says as Melissa Mendonsa, his girl friend, prepares dinner. "I don't want them alone. I fear that."

Meanwhile, Chacon plans to continue in the ring. "Fighting is like a wife, you know," he says. "It can be good, if you treat it right. If you don't treat it right, it will know because, like a wife, it's with you all the time." END

Chacon's first family (from right), Johna, Jayme and Chico, have become accustomed to the new lady in his life, Mendonsa.

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Ford

Louisville is a major minor

The Cardinal affiliate leads its division and should draw one million fans

by William F. Reed

If you think Jim Fregosi feels sort of embarrassed about managing in the minor leagues, then you don't understand what's been happening in Louisville. Last year the newly relocated Redbirds drew 868,418 fans, easily a minor league record, while finishing second in the Class AAA American Association Eastern Division. This summer they're far ahead of that pace both in the stands and the standings. At week's end the Redbirds were first by 6½ games, and owner A Ray Smith's prediction of a million customers looked as good as a 1-to-5 favorite at nearby Churchill Downs.

No wonder Fregosi, 41, the former division-winning manager and All-Star shortstop of the California Angels, says, "I'm having one of the most enjoyable years I've ever had in baseball." Oh, sure, he would like another crack at the majors, and chances are he'll get it. Now, though, Fregosi is delighted to be managing the top farm of the world-champion St. Louis Cardinals.

The only thing small about the Redbirds is their mascot, Doyle Harris, a 4′2″ midget who endeared himself to Fregosi during a late-inning brawl against Oklahoma City on June 4. Asked if he had hit anybody, Harris said, "No—but if they'd had a midget, I'd have kicked his butt."

This is typical of the sassy attitude that prevails in Cardinal Stadium. It's almost as if the Redbirds and their fans don't really understand that Louisville is minor league—and wasn't even that from 1973 until last year. A favorite pastime in Louisville, where the season's top crowd is last Sunday's 31,272 and the average is 14,589, has been checking the box scores to compare attendance figures with the big league parks. Indeed, the Redbirds are averaging more fans per game than four major league teams this year. "To me, this isn't minor league baseball," says Fregosi. "If the right big league opportunity came along, I'd take it—but it would have to be an awful good opportunity."

The current Louisville team includes eight players who have been with the Cardinals for at least a cup of coffee, while the 25-man St. Louis roster has nine who have played in Louisville. Already this season three Redbirds have been called up to St. Louis, and one—Outfielder Andy Van Slyke—is thought to be destined for stardom.

Louisville was a charter member of the National League in 1876 (dropping out after two seasons) and had professional baseball off and on until 1972, when public interest lapsed so badly that the Boston Red Sox moved their Class AAA team, the Colonels, to Pawtucket, R.I. The loss wasn't mourned because a lot of Louisvillians were driving 100 miles to see the Big Red Machine in Cincinnati.

The catalyst of baseball's return was Dan Ulmer, president of the Citizens Fidelity Bank and a lifelong Cardinal fan. He talked Smith into moving his Redbirds in from Springfield, Ill. and led a fund-raising drive that generated $4.5 million to renovate the stadium at the Kentucky state fairgrounds.

The stadium has had as much to do with the Redbirds' success as Smith's prices (a family of four can park the car, see the game and have a hot dog and soda apiece for $13). Indeed, it combines the old-fashioned coziness of, say, Wrigley Field with such modern features as new plastic reserved seats, artificial turf, a bright concourse with 15 concession stands, a lively beer garden built around a gazebo, and a posh Stadium Club for VIPs.

Fregosi was Smith's initial choice to manage the team in Louisville, but the offer came too soon after California owner Gene Autry had shot him out of the Angels' saddle in 1981. Fregosi used the time out of baseball to think, evaluate, analyze, get back in touch with his family and his feelings. So, last summer the Redbirds broke the attendance record without much p.r. help from last year's manager, Joe Frazier, a former manager of the New York Mets (1976-77). He was a solid baseball man, but no great communicator with either the fans or the players.

When Frazier didn't show a lot of enthusiasm about coming back, Smith turned to his original choice, Fregosi,

continued

Smith moved the Redbirds to Louisville and Fregosi to the Redbirds.

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who was ready to get back into the game—but not so ready that he would jump at anything. Before taking Smith's offer, he interviewed for a couple of big league managerial jobs ("Either they didn't want me or I didn't want them," he says) and flatly turned down chances to be a big league coach.

Fregosi gives his Louisville players the freedom to swing away and run almost at will, with the result that the Redbirds have been a high-scoring team built around the bats of outfielders Gene Roof and Tito Landrum, who both began the season in St. Louis, and such promising young players as Catcher Tom Nieto, Outfielder Jim Adduci and Shortstop Jose Gonzalez. The pitching has been only adequate, but Fregosi expects improvement from former Cardinals Eric Rasmussen and Andy Rincon (now on the disabled list), and young fireballer Todd Worrell, who Fregosi says has the best arm he's seen since he managed Nolan Ryan.

To a man, the players seem delighted with Fregosi and his firm belief in playing hard, both on and off the field. When he got a look at the new beer garden on the stadium's lively concourse, Fregosi cracked, "I might have to arrange to get kicked out just so I can come up here and drink beer." Instead, when he was first ejected, he went to the Stadium Club for a nightcap, as is his wont, and got a standing ovation led by owner Smith.

Both Fregosi and some of his players will make the majors before Louisville will, the attendance numbers notwithstanding. The economics at the big league level are so different as to be almost prohibitive for a city of Louisville's size (just under one million in the metropolitan area). If Smith had to meet a big league payroll, he couldn't afford to charge the low prices—the best seat in the house is $3.50—that help make the Redbirds so attractive.

Even so, the Republican candidate for governor, a state legislator named Jim Bunning (yes, *the* Jim Bunning), has talked about trying to get a big league expansion franchise for Louisville. And Smith has orchestrated the renewal of the Little World Series, to be played in Louisville in September among the champions of the three Class AAA leagues—American Association, International League and Pacific Coast League. It should be another crowd pleaser, especially if Fregosi prods the home team into it.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Controversial Cuban Outfielder Barbaro Garbey (SI, June 13), who was hitting .341 for Evansville of the American Association, was suspended last week for hitting a spectator with a bat. The incident took place after a 10-inning, 5–3 loss to Louisville. It was precipitated when the fan heckled Garbey, who'd been moved to third base in the 10th, for missing a wild throw from Pitcher Dave Rucker, who had fielded a bunt.

> *"I know Rod Carew is hitting .400, but he's one-tenth the player that Eddie Murray is," says Texas Manager Doug Rader. "Carew can't play defense, and he doesn't run the bases very well. Murray can do everything."*

Evansville General Manager Chuck Murphy said, "Barbaro said the fan shouted, 'Hey, Garbey, how much did you get for that one?' He said the fan stayed on him and made remarks about Barbaro's wife and family. That's what got him mad." After the game Garbey went to the clubhouse, got a fungo bat and waited outside the park for the heckler. Following a verbal exchange, Garbey hit the fan across the shoulder.

John Johnson, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, had put Garbey on probation on May 27 after Garbey admitted to having "shaved" runs in 1978 while playing in the Cuban major league. . . The Brewers signed free-agent Pitcher Juan Nieves, the most prized high school player in the land (SI, May 9), to a six-figure bonus that his agent said was the highest given any amateur this year. Nieves, who didn't go through last month's amateur draft because he was born in Puerto Rico, was assigned to Milwaukee's Beloit, Wis. farm club in the Class A Midwest League.

All-Star Manager Whitey Herzog of St. Louis agreed with the fans on only two of their eight starting choices for the National League team. Herzog concurred on outfielders Andre Dawson and Dale Murphy but preferred his own outfielder, George Hendrick, over Tim Raines. First Baseman Darrell Evans over Al Oliver, Second Baseman Glenn Hubbard over Steve Sax, Shortstop Dickie Thon over his own Ozzie Smith, Third Baseman Pedro Guerrero or Bill Madlock over Mike Schmidt and Catcher Terry Kennedy over Gary Carter.

Houston's Thon, who had hit all of three home runs in 914 trips to the plate in the past four seasons, walloped his ninth and 10th this year to defeat Atlanta 4–3. Thon, by the way, weighs 170 pounds, not the 150 shown on the Astros' roster . . . Atlanta's Brett Butler, who hadn't homered in 581 at bats since coming to the majors in 1981, cleared the fence on successive days. Butler's first blast made a 2–1 loser of Cincinnati's Mario Soto, who has a bad habit of allowing homers to banjo hitters. The Braves' other run that day came on a homer by Rafael Ramirez, who'd had one in 288 at bats this season. . . Philadelphia's Schmidt, whose .181 hitting since May 7 had dragged his average down to .241, benched himself for a game last Wednesday. "I've got to get myself calmed down, get back to having fun playing," Schmidt said. "I'd call myself a very mediocre ballplayer right now."

"If they want to fill the stadium, they should have an I Don't Like Dick Wagner Night," says Marge Schott, a minority owner of the hapless Reds, about the club's general manager. When asked if she'd be at Riverfront Stadium for such an affair, the outspoken Schott said, "I don't think I'd be able to get in."

Baltimore's Ken Singleton, who for years had been one of the best switch hitters in baseball, was woeful from the right side of the plate in '82, a .177 average and six extra-base hits, none a homer. After

CHEERS

There was a vast improvement last week in the playing conditions at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, which according to a recent SI poll of players had the worst infield surface in the American League. New groundskeeper Jim Anglea, whom the Indians brought up from Nashville on June 23, has worked wonders by manicuring the infield grass and by eliminating what had been a tricky drop-off from the grass to the dirt.

continued

learning during the off-season that his right arm was 18% weaker than his left, Singleton worked hard to strengthen and quicken his right hand. At the end of last week Singleton was hitting better as a righthander (.299) than as a lefthander (.265), with four doubles, two triples and one homer as a righty.

Dodger Third Baseman Pedro Guerrero has had his share of controversy recently. First he angered the Padres, who had swept four games in L.A., by saying, "They aren't going anywhere. They just caught us at a bad time." Then Guerrero apparently tried to trip San Diego's Juan Bonilla as he rounded third en route to scoring in the last of the ninth to beat the Dodgers 7–6. Guerrero denied trying to upend Bonilla, but Third Base Umpire Charlie Williams was ready to call the runner safe if he'd been tagged out at home. Guerrero also got into a tiff with Houston's Frank LaCorte, charging the mound with other Dodgers when they felt LaCorte was throwing at L.A.'s Ken Landreaux. "He's in trouble," Guerrero said afterward. "I don't like him, and I'm going to hate him more and more. I never forget anything like that." . . . After a hot start, rookie Greg Brock, who replaced Steve Garvey at first base for the Dodgers this season, hit .181 between May 18 and last Sunday, with only two homers and seven RBIs. "He has too many holes," says one National League coach. "He can't hit the breaking ball, and he can't handle the fastball up and the fastball in. All he can really handle is the fastball down." Garvey? He had 14 home runs, 49 RBIs and a .294 average for the Padres.

Rene Lachemann, fired two weeks ago as manager of the Mariners, is drawing a lot of interest. While Lachemann and his wife sit behind home plate at Mariner games, long lines of autograph seekers and well-wishers gather around. Officials from at least a dozen other teams also are queuing up to offer Lachemann jobs or ask about his plans. Those most interested in landing him as manager are said to be the Brewers and Mets.

Fourteen months after undergoing rotator cuff surgery, Shortstop Rick Burleson returned to the Angel lineup on June 30. In his first four games back he was 7 for 13 and didn't commit an error. During his 14-game get-in-shape stint with AAA Edmonton he batted .196 and made three errors. . . Baltimore, displeased with rookie Leo Hernandez' .246 average and 13 errors in 64 games, made another attempt to settle its third-base troubles by sending Hernandez back to the minors, purchasing Todd Cruz from Seattle and putting him at the hot corner. . . . Before going 3 for 10 on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Shortstop Ozzie Smith of the Cardinals had been 0 for 29 and 14 for 106 to drop his average to .188. . . . There's no hitting 'em out of Minnesota's Metrodome, but Randy Bush of the Twins did become the first player to hit a ball off the Teflon-coated fiber-glass ceiling. According to the ground rules at the two-year-old stadium, the ball was still in play, and it was caught on the fly in foul territory by Blue Jay Catcher Buck Martinez.

While Boston Reliever Luis Aponte was shopping in Cleveland, someone stole his wallet containing $480. Aponte went back to the store the next day and learned his wallet had been returned—without the money but with a note that read: "Dear Mr. Aponte, Thank you very much for the money. I hope you have a fine career." Pittsburgh Catcher Tony Peña, though, didn't get so much as a thank you after a Chicago pickpocket relieved him of $1,500.

Through last Sunday, Phillie relievers Al Holland, Willie Hernandez, Ron Reed and Tug McGraw had a combined 10–1 record, 13 saves and a 2.14 ERA for 138⅔ innings. . . . Conversely, California's bullpen had only one save in the past 28 games. Of the Angels' 35 losses, 12 have come after they entered the seventh inning tied or ahead. . . . With his team having lost two straight one-run games, San Francisco Manager Frank Robinson blistered his troops in a 13-minute closed-door session. In the first inning of their next game, the Giants gave up eight runs en route to a third consecutive loss to the last-place Reds. END

BALL PARK FIGURES

The most surprising teams as the All-Star break neared were Texas and Toronto, which led the American League West and East, respectively. The most disappointing were Kansas City, which was fourth in the American League West, and Milwaukee, sixth in the AL East. Considering their final stats of last season, these were the most notable individuals:

	'82	'83
SIZZLERS		
Rick Honeycutt, Tex.	5–17	11–4
Atlee Hammaker, S.F.	4.11 ERA	1.70 ERA
Pascual Perez, Atl.	4–4	10–2
Alejandro Peña, L.A.	0–2	7–3
Aurelio Lopez, Det.	3 saves	11 saves
Rod Carew, Calif.	.319	.402
Cliff Johnson, Tor.	7 HRs	14 HRs
Davey Lopes, Oak.	42 RBIs	42 RBIs
Darrell Evans, S.F.	16 HRs	19 HRs
Wayne Tolleson, Tex.	.114	.294
FIZZLERS		
Phil Niekro, Atl.	17–4	4–6
Vida Blue, K.C.	13–12	0–5
Joaquin Andujar, St. L.	15–10	4–11
Dennis Martinez, Balt.	16–12	4–11
Mark Clear, Bost.	14 saves	2 saves
Dan Spillner, Cleve.	2.49 ERA	4.84 ERA
Dusty Baker, L.A.	.300	.232
Joe Morgan, Phil.	.289	.214
Ruppert Jones, S.D.	.283	.201
Rich Dauer, Balt.	75 runs	18 runs

PROFILE IN COURAGE

Some people who saw Seattle righthander Glenn Abbott late last year didn't think he'd be alive now, let alone in the majors.

Abbott's tribulations began in the spring of '82 when he had surgery for the removal of bone chips in his pitching elbow. Last July, while getting back into shape with the Mariner farm club in Salt Lake City, Abbott contracted viral meningitis, an inflammation of the membrane surrounding the brain. He lost 23 pounds and, according to his wife, Patti, "He looked like walking death."

"When I saw him last fall, I thought I'd be going to his funeral," Seattle Pitching Coach Frank Funk says. "I didn't think he'd ever pitch again."

Abbott thought otherwise. But this spring, after recovering from the meningitis, he came down with tendinitis in his right elbow. So Abbott went to Salt Lake City again. Three weeks ago he beat the Royals 8–1 in his first big league outing since Oct. 3, 1981. Last week he beat Chicago 6–2, to become Seattle's career win leader with 41, and then Toronto 4–1.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM RICE: *The Red Sox leftfielder hit six home runs, giving him an American League-leading 22. He also batted .423, going 11 for 26, with two doubles, nine runs and 13 RBIs, one a game-winner.*

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The cocky Michels set U.S. super heavyweight records in the snatch and total lift.

They've got high hopes

No pie in the sky: Two Americans could win medals in the Olympics

by Bruce Newman

Weightlifters are the groundhogs of American Olympic athletes. They apparently spend most of their time between Games in a hole somewhere, from which they emerge ever so briefly into the limelight about once per annum. This year they cast their shadows at the National Sports Festival last week in Colorado Springs, and in the three days before they rushed back out of sight, they reaffirmed that the U.S team has two medal threats for the '84 Games. Curt White, in the 181¾-pound class, and Jeff Michels, in the 242-pounds-and-over division, were the Festival's two big stars, but the weight they lifted last week was nothing compared to the load they must now bear as America's brightest hopes in this sport at the Summer Games in Los Angeles.

The U.S. has won only three weightlifting medals in the past 20 years, and no American lifter has taken home a gold since 1960, when Chuck Vinci finished first in the 123¼-pound class. The U.S. dominated the sport from the 1948 Olympics until the late '50s, but next year White and Michels will face a formidable lineup from the U.S.S.R., Bulgaria and other Soviet bloc countries. "They have 20 people over there who can beat our national champions, and we don't even know who they are," says U.S. Coach Harvey Newton. At the moment, Michels' personal best total (the clean and jerk and the snatch combined) is 897 pounds, against a world record of 959 pounds; White's highest is 780 pounds, 101.8 pounds short of the world mark

Though they're held in similar regard in their sport, Michels, the technician, and White, the fiery competitor, could not be less alike as lifters. However, they do have in common a rather remarkable knack for not letting their weightlifting get in the way of a good time. White, in particular, has a bent for the bent. He's 20 years old and has been lifting for 12 years. From time to time during those years, the bar must have fallen on his head and altered his outlook on life.

White is only 5′ 7″, but his bulging body is as solid as a rock, and he insists he doesn't even eat a lot, mostly just small meals. "I go out with girls who eat more than I do," says White, who lives in Charleston, Ill. and attends Eastern Illinois University. "Of course, you should see the girls I go out with."

The most important thing for a top athlete, White believes, is staying loose, an important fact often forgotten in the midst of rigorous training. White doesn't forget. "I go out and drink three or four nights a week," he says. "Relaxation is important. There are guys who sit around their rooms thinking about lifting, and they aren't any better for it. My friend Louie Mucardo and I don't believe that's any way to train. We like to go out, get drunk and raise hell."

To understand White, it's important to know that he considers Hawkeye Pierce, the incorrigible doctor from M*A*S*H, and Arthur, the drunk from the movie of the same name, to have the right attitude. Before his Sports Festival triumph, White put in a dedicated night at the training table. "I had 15 whiskey and Sevens," he says. "Write that down. It wasn't a pretty sight. Ugly, in fact. I still don't know how I got home. That could be why I was a little shaky on my winning lift."

Michels, who also believes in serious relaxation, grew up in a predominantly German neighborhood on the north side of Chicago. His father worked in a hydraulics factory there for 30 years; his mother tended bar for 11 years at a place called the Chicago Drinking Company. He didn't get into weightlifting until he was a scrawny 16-year-old. "I didn't even

continued

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know there were world championships when I started out," says Michels, 21, who is studying electronics at DeVry Institute of Technology in Chicago. "I never thought about competing then." He wasn't able to overpower heavyweights, but from the start his leverage and flexibility were good, and it quickly became apparent that his technique with the bar was world class. "He's not as naturally strong as a lot of weightlifters," says Newton, "so he uses technique to his advantage."

Technique is just another way of saying form, agility and flexibility, and technique can help the weaker lifter beat the stronger. Michels' most obvious deficiency has always been his lack of strength. "He's not weak," says Newton, "but he's not as strong proportionally as you would expect." His lack of power may have even helped Michels in the beginning. "Building strength is often the easier part," says Newton. "It's a lot easier to take a skinny kid and teach him technique and then build strength later than it is to teach good technique to someone who's already got the necessary strength."

Last week in Colorado Springs, the 6′ 1½″ Michels was up to 250 pounds so that he could compete in the super heavyweight division. That's the weight class once dominated by Vasily Alexeyev, the Russian behemoth with the enormous belly who won gold medals at the '72 and '76 Olympics. Alexeyev is gone now, retired to some Soviet fat collective, but he isn't forgotten. "We got too much exposure with Alexeyev and his belly," says Newton. "The result was that there were a lot of mothers out there who were saying they didn't want their kids to go into the sport. That's why it would be such a good thing for us to do well in Los Angeles next year. Curt and Jeff are both kids that people can identify with."

Americans might be able to identify with them, but they'll probably find it hard to relate to the fact that Michels at 250 pounds still manages to keep his waistline at 34 inches. Not only that, he has a standing vertical leap of 42 inches, just two less than basketball's skywalking David Thompson.

Michels is extremely self-confident, and sometimes he rubs other weightlifters the wrong way. "Many people think he's cocky," says Newton. "He's not as popular as Curt within the weightlifting fraternity, but I think he's been misjudged." Bob Wentlejewski, another American lifter, isn't so sure about that. "Michels is a very, very cocky guy," says Wentlejewski. "He'll come up to you and say, 'Hi, my name is Jeff Michels I snatch 414, and I'm going to do better in the next meet.' He's very obnoxious in that way, so everybody stays away from him. Nobody dislikes Jeff, but you can only put up with so much of that egotistical stuff."

The exuberant White won his class with a total of 733 pounds.

White also has great confidence in himself as an athlete, and he's so aggressive that until four years ago he used to literally run up to the bar and lift it almost in one motion. But Newton believes White is actually the less secure of the two lifters, a follower, and he cites as proof that the person White now considers his inspiration—he doesn't have an official coach—is a St. Louis chiropractor named Ralph Filson who cured a back problem that had plagued White for about five years. "That's a big part of Curt's success," Newton says. "He finds somebody or something he believes in, and once he has that he does the rest of the work himself." White lacks Michels' refined technical skills, but he is a superb mental lifter.

White was originally attracted to weightlifting for what now seem like obvious reasons. "I don't like breathing hard, and weightlifting training is pretty relaxed," he says. "It stayed relaxed the first two years, but by the time I hit 10 I started competing pretty seriously." When he was 14 years old, still a junior by the sport's reckoning, he won the men's national championship in the 114-pound class, and the age records he set still stand.

White's exuberant style has always made him a crowd favorite, just as he was last Friday at the Air Force Academy. "I'm ragged and crazy," he says. "I like to go berserk, go as fast and as hard as I can. When I'm going out to the bar, I'm in a rage. I don't see the crowd, but I feel it. During the lift it's like I'm in a different world, almost like a dream." He snatched 330.7 pounds for a Festival record, and in the clean and jerk, his specialty, he lifted 402.3 pounds, for a total of 733 pounds, 66 more than the runner-up, Mark Levell of Chicago.

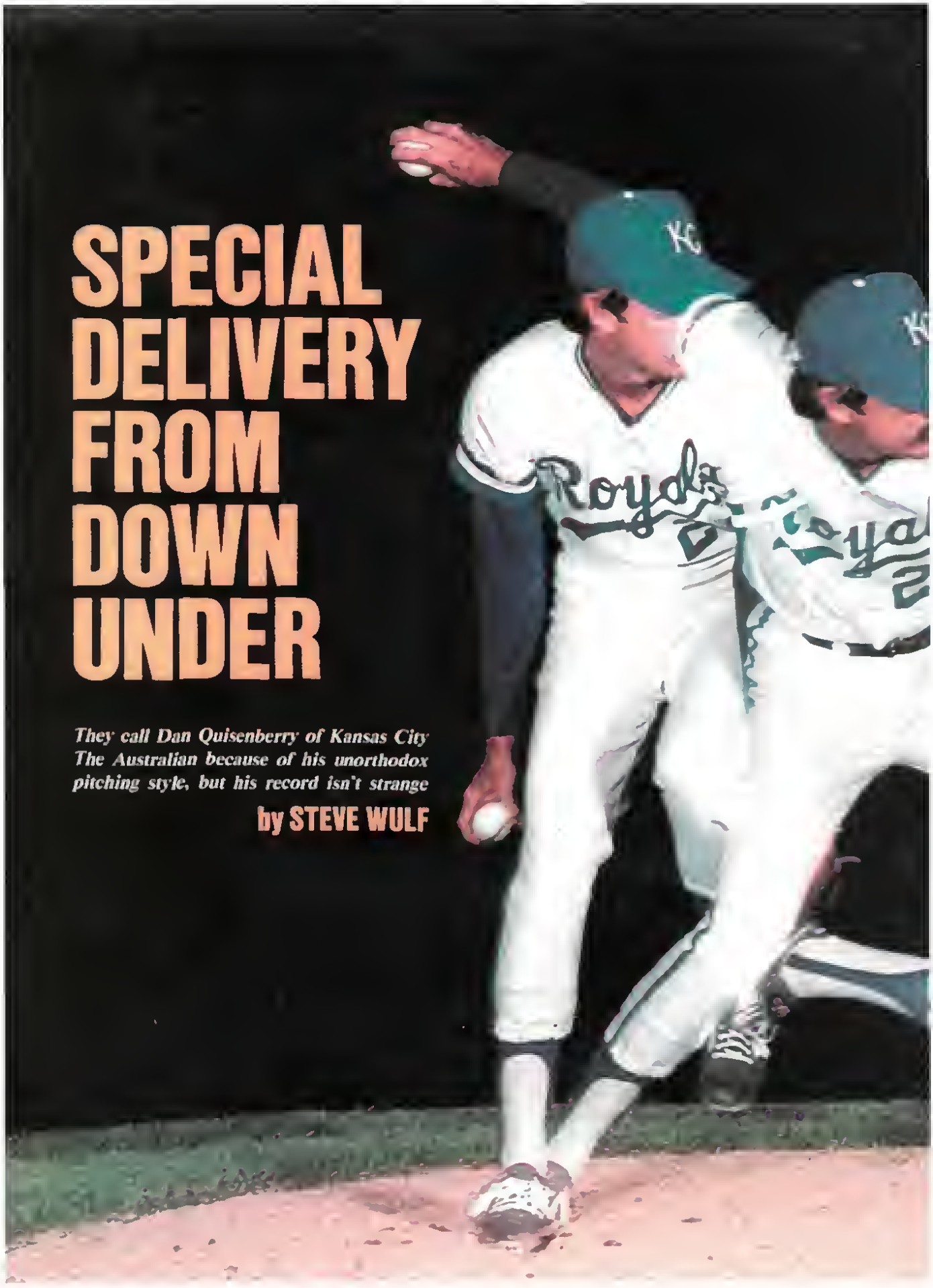
Michels' approach is much calmer and more deliberate. "Everybody can be strong, but not everybody can be mentally involved," Michels says. He had been entered in the Festival as a heavyweight, but chose to disqualify himself for a medal and go instead for the American records in the snatch and total in the super heavyweight division. His snatch of 414.4 pounds got him the first mark he was after, and his total of 892 surpassed the existing record by nearly five pounds.

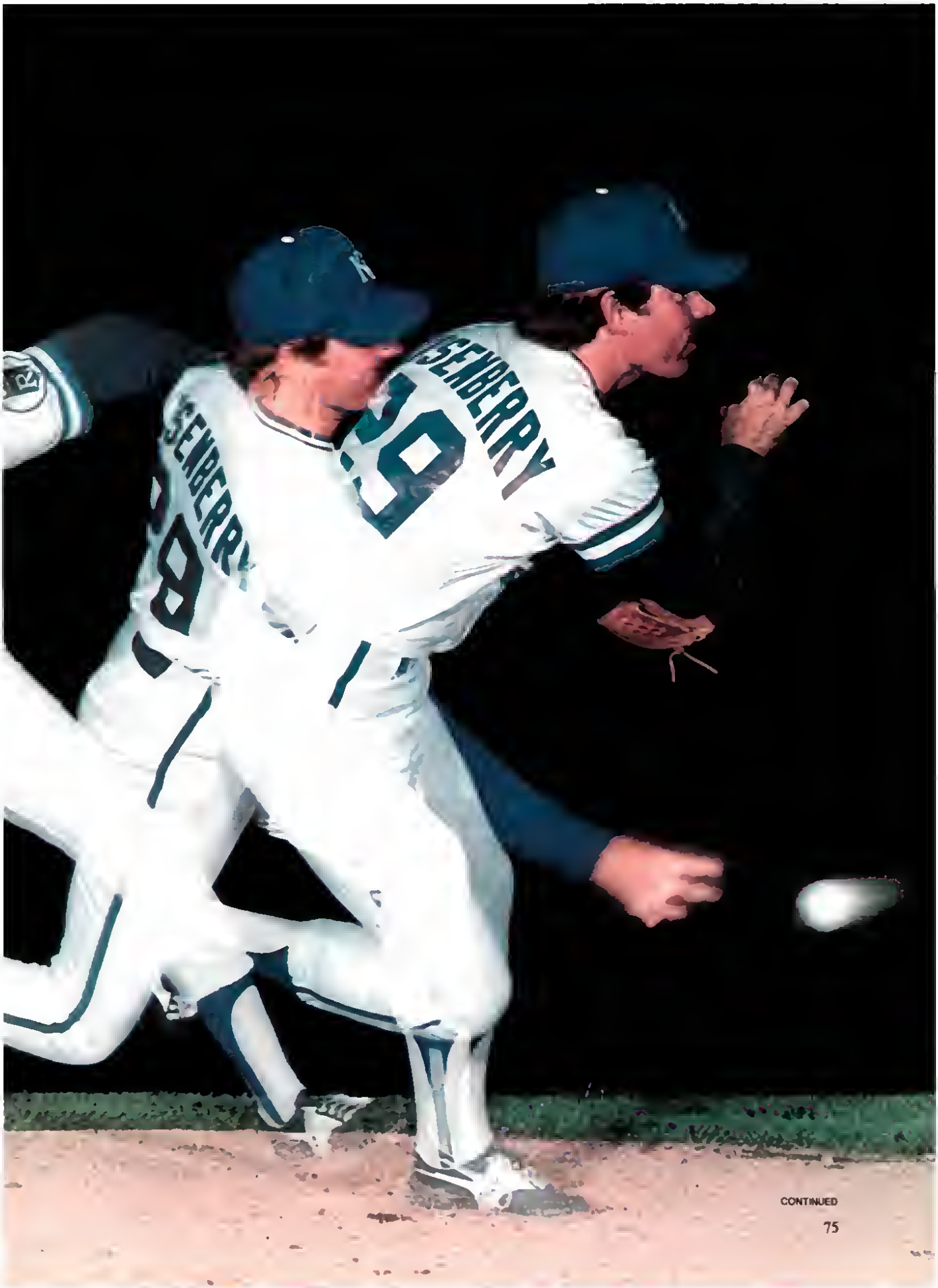
With that the weightlifters dropped out of sight again for another year. The next time we'll see them will be at the Los Angeles Olympics. Or in White's case, probably Tijuana. **END**

SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM DOWN UNDER

They call Dan Quisenberry of Kansas City The Australian because of his unorthodox pitching style, but his record isn't strange

by STEVE WULF





CONTINUED

The Kansas City Royals have a terrific bullpen. It's out there beyond the rightfield wall at Royals Stadium. It's spacious and clean. It has 10 orange theater seats and a black leather chair for the coach. The regular occupants have an excellent view of the action on the field. On cold nights, select members of the crew can be found seated in the bullpen car listening to the game on the radio. The bathroom is probably the best bullpen lavatory in the league. Not many such facilities are equipped with a mirror to ensure that the relievers are well groomed for those late-inning stints.

By happy fortune, the bullpen is adjacent to a cavernous area beneath the rightfield bleachers used by the grounds crew. That means that the pitchers and catchers can relieve their occasional boredom by checking out the latest trac-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

Quisenberry visits groundskeeper Toma before home games

tor, examining the Hanging Gardens of groundskeeper George Toma or reading passages from *How To Control Lawn Diseases and Pests*. According to Dan Quisenberry, the bullpen's tour guide, the pitchers even come in to borrow the grounds crew's equipment for use in a game.

"You've heard about control artists," says Quisenberry, coming upon the painting supplies. "Well, these are the brushes they use to paint the corners of the plate. This little one here belongs to Larry Gura." Quisenberry goes over to a huge roller. "This one used to belong to Renie Martin."

Quisenberry does more in the bullpen than just give tours. He does crossword puzzles (surreptitiously), plays *Password* and *Name That Tune* and provides a Mr. Coffee. He generally keeps the gang amused by, for instance, helping select an All-Star team of players one would be most afraid to room with. When his friend Martin belonged to the Royals, Martin would sing songs relating to the game in progress while Quisenberry played on Renie's protuberant teeth as if they were xylophone keys. But Martin was traded to the Giants in 1982, and, anyway, he had his teeth fixed last year.

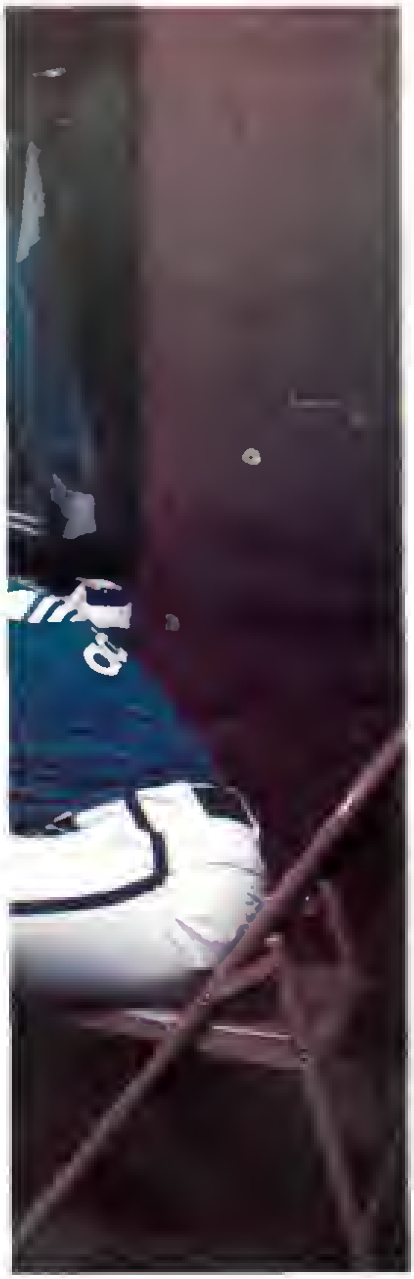
Oh, yes. Quisenberry saves games, too. Since 1980, he has saved 105, more than any reliever in that time. Of the '83 Royals' 36 wins through Sunday, Quisenberry had saved 20.

He also saves countless stories for writers looking for an outrageous quote. He can not only finish a game but *War and Peace* as well. He serves as the Royals' player representative. And because of a strong belief in *the* Savior, he often leads the team chapel meetings.

All of which is not bad for: a) a skinny kid who wasn't supposed to make the varsity in high school; b) a square dancer; c) a college student who changed his major on an almost daily basis; d) a pitcher who discovered his delivery by accident; e) a free agent who signed with the Royals by accident; f) a starter who became a reliever by accident; g) a submarine pitcher who never thought he would surface; h) a skinny kid who wasn't supposed to make the majors, i) all of the above. "You know," says all of the above's brother, Marty, "Dan has been pitching with men on base his whole life. And not just in games."

Today he's the best relief pitcher in the American League, if not baseball, and if the password were *save*, Quisenberry would be as good a clue as any. Which is why the Royals' bullpen coach, Jimmie Schaffer, hangs up the phone 100 times a year and says, "The Australian."

That's one of Quisenberry's names. He comes from down under.



To Mike Armstrong's glee, Quisenberry's serious view of pitching doesn't come in from the pen.

THE FIRST INNING

Actually, Quisenberry comes from California. He was born in Santa Monica and was raised in Orange County. The family name, pronounced KWIZ-en-berry, is an English mutation of the German name Questenburg, so don't go foraging in the forest looking for quisenberry bushes because you won't find them.

Dan's mother, Reberta, and father John, divorced when he was seven and

continued

Marty was nine, and for a few years, while Reberta worked as a color consultant for Revlon, the brothers developed a close bond—and destroyed a slew of baby-sitters. When Mom remarried, the boys didn't take to their stepfather, Art Meola. "He used to make us work around the house all the time," says Dan. "We were forever changing white rocks into redwood chips or the other way around. We got pretty sassy. We needed to be spanked."

Marty, who looks like Dan and laughs like Dan and is now an assistant pastor at the Vineyard Christian Fellowship in Claremont, Calif., says, "We went from the playground to boot camp. Our stepfather thought we were lazy, no-good kids, which we probably were, and we thought he was a drill sergeant, so we started developing this cutting, quick sense of humor as protection."

But Art, a North American Rockwell engineer whom the boys grew to love, did save them from the ballroom dancing careers Reberta had in mind for them. He introduced them to sports and even managed Dan's youth baseball team. Although they were never on the same team, the boys played a lot of games together.

Inside they played Strat-O-Matic, a baseball board game, and Dan had an annoying habit of biting the pitcher's card when things were going wrong. Outside, they played Wiffle Ball on a tennis court, imagining it was Fenway or Candlestick, depending on which way the wind was blowing. "When I got to the majors," says Dan, "it was like *déjà vu*. There I was facing Carl Yastrzemski and Rico Carty again after all these years. Why should I be seared, after I had already been chased down the street by Harmon Killebrew?"

The brothers also played golf together, miniature and otherwise, and Marty is more surprised at Dan's present golf game—he used to be terrible, but now regularly shoots in the 80s—than he is at his pitching success.

Marty was a better athlete, a submarine pitcher long before Dan dropped down. He played at Orange Coast Community College and Southern California College and was scouted by Rosey Gilhousen of the Royals. But Marty threw his arm out one day and had to stop pitching for a while. A while became seven years.

Dan, too, went to Orange Coast and was the baseball team's MVP his second year, 1973. Ben Hines, the baseball coach at La Verne (Calif.) College, now the University of La Verne, saw him and asked him to enroll, which was fine with Dan because La Verne had an excellent baseball program.

Dan majored in business, religion, sociology, psychology and history. But his most fateful class was square dancing, which was a course that Hines asked his pitchers to take. "I thought it would improve their balance and footwork," says Hines, now a minor league batting instructor with the Angels.

It was in square dancing that Dan met his wife to be, Janie Howard. "Dan was very romantic," says Janie, who was studying to be an elementary school teacher. "His opening line to me was, 'Are you hungry?' When I said I guessed so, he came back with, 'Well, how 'bout a freebie?' "

Love came at about 101st sight. In the meantime, Dan became a very good college pitcher, even though the scouts were more interested in his teammate, John Verhoeven, who went on to pitch for the Twins. "At La Verne, Dan would look up to me," says Verhoeven. "Even when we were both in the American League he would ask me things, and I felt silly telling him because by then the roles had been reversed."

Quisenberry's whimsical nature was evident at La Verne, as Verhoeven, who now operates a baseball school, recalls. "Dan thought he was Harpo Marx," Verhoeven says. "He'd shake hands by offering his leg the way Harpo did."

In his two years at La Verne, Quisenberry was 12–2 and 19–7. His senior year he pitched a remarkable 194 innings and, as a consequence of so much work, dropped his delivery lower and lower until he came sidearm. He was named to the NAIA All-America team. Still, he says, "the scouts were not exactly flocking around the house."

Hines gave Gilhousen a call and asked him if he might be interested in Quisenberry. Gilhousen said yes, there was an opening for a pitcher in Class A at Waterloo, Iowa, but that the kid would have to be at Gilhousen's house within the hour. So Quisenberry drove 10 minutes to Santa Ana in his battered Gremlin,

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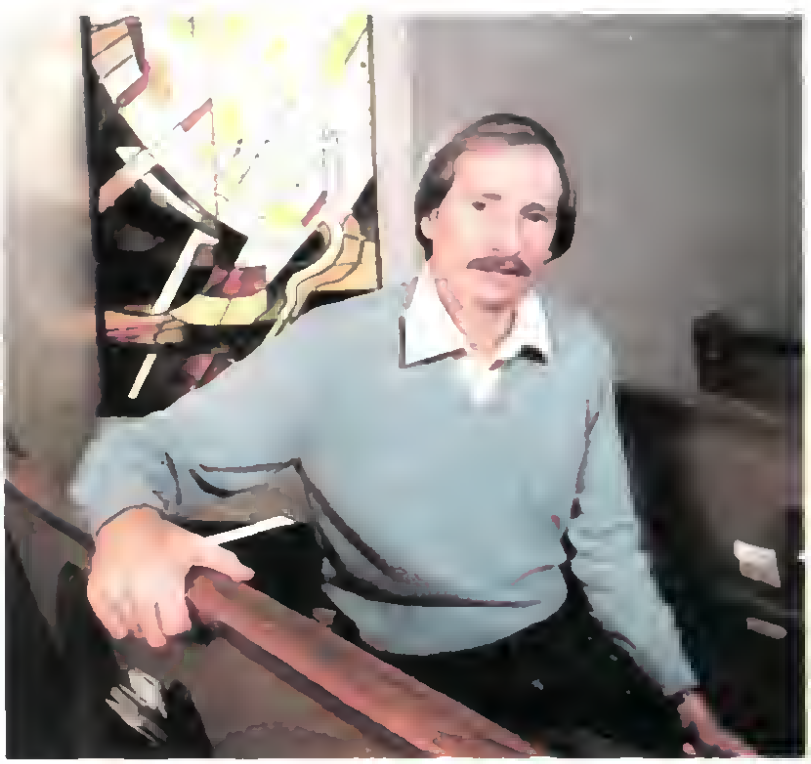

Older brother Marty is more surprised by Dan's improved golf game than by Dan's baseball success.

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rang the bell, walked in and signed. "I got $500 a month, and the special covenants clause was left blank," he says. "My bonus was a Royals bat that Rosey had in the house, a Royals pen and a Royals lapel button. I was really pretty excited, especially about the lapel button."

THE SECOND

On June 22, 1975, after being baptized that morning at a church in Waterloo, Quisenberry made his first professional appearance. He pitched a seven-inning, complete-game 5–3 victory in the opener of a doubleheader against Wausau.

This game was the last one Quisenberry started, not counting one in the winter Mexican League in 1977, which he would like to forget anyway. Waterloo Manager John Sullivan told Quisenberry after the game that he was sending him to the bullpen. "I took it as a demotion," says Quisenberry. "And I hoped some day that I'd be able to get back into the rotation." Sullivan, now a coach with the Blue Jays, says the reason he banished Quisenberry to the pen was because Waterloo had no reliever who could throw strikes. "I figured that was his best chance to make it, but I didn't think he'd ever be in the majors. I'm just glad I was wrong," Sullivan says.

Quisenberry did well enough at Waterloo (2.45 ERA and four saves) to be called up to Double A Jacksonville for eight innings at the end of the season.

The next year he again divided his time between Waterloo and Jacksonville, although Jacksonville came first. He was effective, but nobody in the organization seemed to notice. When the season was over, he and Janie got married. They ended their honeymoon in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, where they decided to spend the off-season. They lived in an apartment behind a funeral home. By day, Dan worked in a sporting-goods store. By night, he worked for the funeral home. "Me and another guy would go around picking up dead bodies and throwing them, I'm sorry, putting them in the back of a hearse," he says.

In 1977 Quisenberry pitched solely for Jacksonville, and after the season he and Janie went to Mexico and were perfectly miserable. They were sick the whole time. In 1978, Quisenberry, once more pitching in Jacksonville, saved 15 games and had a 4–2 record and 2.39 ERA. He thought he would be stuck in Double A forever. "I made up my mind that if I didn't get to Triple A that next spring, I was going to quit," he says. "In the winter I went to Fresno Pacific College to get my teaching certificate. That sort of sounds like a cliché, doesn't it? I guess everybody has a story like that."

Quisenberry was sent to Triple A Omaha that spring, thus denying some California high school a strange baseball coach and an even stranger history teacher. In July, Infielder Jerry Terrell went on the disabled list, opening up a place on the roster, and the Royals, desperate for a relief pitcher, called Quisenberry up to Kansas City.

THE THIRD

On July 8, 1979 Quisenberry made his major league debut. On his second pitch he induced Lamar Johnson of the White Sox to ground to Second Baseman Frank White, who started a double play, a scene that would be oft repeated in the next few years.

Still, Quisenberry's arrival was met with some skepticism. "I'd never heard of him," says George Brett. "He looked funny, he threw funny, he was funny, and I wanted to know why we didn't go out and trade for somebody. Now I know."

But it's not clear just who in the Royals' organization knew enough to go with Quisenberry. Some people credit then-Manager Whitey Herzog for his uncanny ability to spot talent, some credit Omaha Manager Gordy MacKenzie, and some credit the Royals' scouting staff. "The truth of the matter is that we didn't have anybody else," says General Manager John Schuerholz, who was vice-president for player personnel at the time. "Necessity is the mother of invention, and in this case, it was the mother of Dan Quisenberry."

Quisenberry did fine right from the start, or, in his case, the relief. He won one game and saved another in a three-game series in Texas on July 22 and 23 and finished the year with five saves, a 3–2 record and a 3.15 ERA. Except for rare ineffective breaking balls, he threw nothing then but sinkers. "The catchers used to come out and ask me to throw different pitches," says Quisenberry, "when all I had was one." Despite his performance, it wasn't guaranteed he'd make the Royals the next spring. In fact, his competition for the short man job would be Martin, who was to become a close friend.

Janie's slogan is all-purpose, to be used on aprons or books.

Fate played a hand that winter. At a

banquet Jim Frey, who had just taken over as the Royals' manager, ran into the Pirates' submarine reliever, Kent Tekulve, who was fresh from helping Pittsburgh win the World Series. Frey asked Tekulve if he would mind working with Quisenberry during the spring and Tekulve said sure. "I didn't think I needed to change," says Quisenberry, "but I felt I had to submit. Frey wanted me to copy everything Tekulve did. At first, I felt foreign, off-balance, but the coaches said there was better movement on the ball."

Still throwing just his sinker, but with his motion now dropped below sidearm, Quisenberry baffled the American League in much the same way he baffled the Royals' front office. Some of his 1980 stats were bizarre. 128⅓ innings with only 37 strikeouts, 129 hits but only 27 walks. Some other figures were more telling. He entered 41 games in which the Royals were leading, and they won all but two of them. He led the league in appearances, with 75, and in games finished, with 68, and he tied Rich Gossage of the Yankees for most saves, with 33. Those saves combined with his 12 victories earned him the title of Rolaids Fireman of the Year. And whenever he finished a game with John Wathan catching, Wathan would say, "Way to mix 'em up," and Quisenberry would say, "Way to call 'em."

When the Royals swept the Yankees in the American League Championship Series, Quisenberry got a save and a win. After he saved the second game by getting Graig Nettles to ground into a double play, Quisenberry was surrounded at his locker by the cream of America's sporting press. A reporter asked him, quite seriously, what pitch he used to get Nettles. Quisenberry, deadpan, replied, "An overhand curve." His last pitch was dutifully recorded as an overhand curve, even though he hadn't thrown one in years.

THE FOURTH

After the 1980 World Series, the Royals and the Phillies appeared as opponents on *Family Feud*, and it was small consolation that Kansas City won this one. Quisenberry also went one-on-one with Richard Dawson, the game show's host. Dawson came up to Quisenberry at one point in the show, and doing a fair imitation of an underhand delivery, said, "You throw this way, don't you? I think it's effeminate to throw that way."

Quisenberry laughed. Then he grasped Dawson by the lapels of his sports coat and said, "Is this more comfortable than the popular style?"

"Leave the jokes to me," said Dawson. "Don Pardo is waiting in the wings to relieve you," said Quisenberry. "He wants your job." Not exactly the Round Table at the Algonquin, but Dawson had no rejoinder, and all but the beginning of the exchange was edited out.

Quisenberry also had a little disagreement with the Royals over his contract in the off-season. They offered a one-year deal instead of the two years he asked for, and much less money than he wanted. "We're not worlds apart," said Schuerholz. "We're universes apart." The Royals were skeptical that Quisenberry could pitch well again. They settled on a one-year, $100,000 contract.

He got off to a slow start in '81, "found a delivery in my flaw," and again proved the K.C. management wrong. He finished the shortened season with 18 saves and a 1.73 ERA. He also led the club through the strike as their player rep, an unusual responsibility for a third-year man. "I volunteered to be alternate the year before because I just wanted to learn more about the union," he says. "I didn't even know what the Basic Agreement everybody referred to was. Then Jerry Terrell, the regular rep, was cut, and I walked into the strike." The day after it was settled, Janie gave birth to their second child, David.

After the season Quisenberry took the Royals to arbitration and lost. He wanted $480,000 and was awarded $300,000. In 1982 Quisenberry won the Fireman of the Year for the second time, getting 35 saves and nine wins in 72 appearances. Amazingly, he walked only 12 batters in 136⅔ innings. He also gave up 12 home runs, which he still can't understand. Thanks to him the Royals led the league in incomplete games. And he finally made believers out of the guys in the front office, they signed him to a four-year contract through 1986, with an option on 1987, for $3.2 million.

The contract set off some good-natured kidding. "You know," says Brett, "I used to stand around with Dan in the outfield and ask him what he had done that day, and he'd say, 'I weeded the garden,' or 'I washed the car.' Now, when I ask him, he says, 'I watched the gardener

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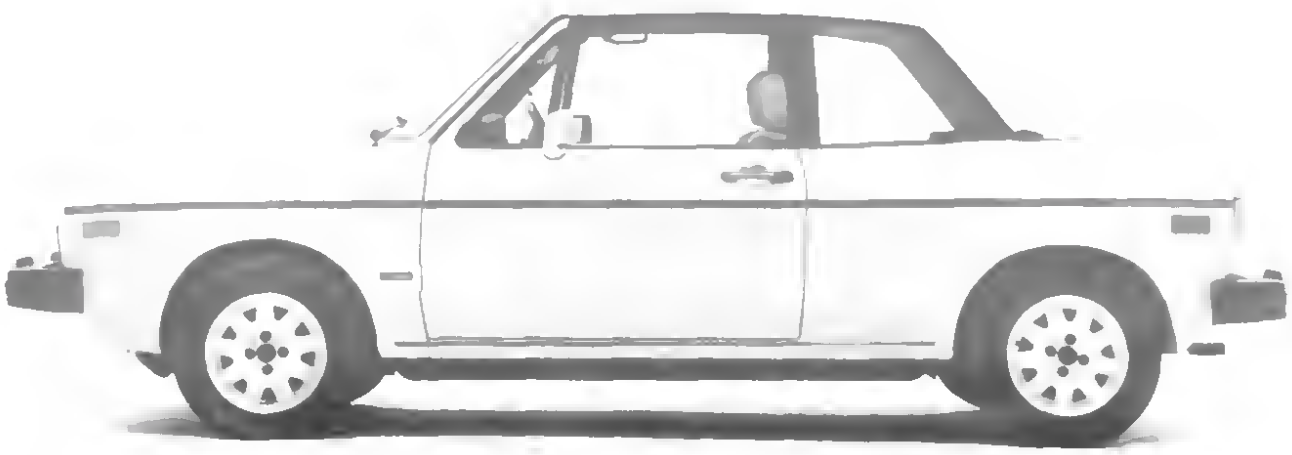

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weed,' or 'I watched my car washer wash my car.' "

The Warner Lambert Company, maker of Rolaids, proudly paraded Quisenberry around in the off-season. The Rolaids folks like Quisenberry because he's very nice to people and because he says funny things. They even have a series of outtakes of Quisenberry accepting his award that they show at sales meetings. In one, Quisenberry says, "How do I spell Relief? R-O-L-A-I-E-D-W-L-T-3-5-S." In another segment he shoves the entire roll of antacid mints in his mouth, spits them out and says, "That tasted bad."

At the New York baseball writers' dinner in January, Quisenberry got up to "accept" the Rolaids Award for the umpteenth time that winter. He said: "I'd just like to thank [Umpire] Al Clark, who's in the audience, for giving me a National League strike zone, the Royals pitchers who couldn't go nine innings, and [Manager] Dick Howser for not letting them. Dick would have been here tonight, but he and Rocky Colavito are booked solid for the next 90 days." (Howser and Colavito had recently been given 90-day sentences for hindering and interfering with police officers. The sentences later were changed to six months of unsupervised probation.) Quisenberry also accepted the award for Sutter, the National League winner. "If Bruce were here tonight I'm sure he'd say—actually, I don't know Bruce at all—he'd say, 'I make $900 million a year and I deserve this. Thank you.' "

"He was better than I was," said comedian Joe Piscopo, the evening's entertainment.

THE FIFTH

There are two baseball quote books out. *Baseball's Greatest Quotes*, compiled by Kevin Nelson, and *Voices of Baseball, Quotations on the Summer Game*, compiled by Bob Chieger. It's a measure of Quisenberry's quotability that he has seven witticisms in each of the books and that only two of them are repeated in both. In the Nelson book the active player with the most is Reggie Jackson, with 25, and Jackson has been in the big leagues for 15 years compared to Quisenberry's four. Veterans Pete Rose and Tug McGraw each have eight. In the Chieger book Dan is fourth, behind the same heady company; Jackson has 18, Rose 15 and McGraw eight. Jackson says, "Quisenberry impresses me as a guy who can whip up a good quote or a save—not necessarily in that order."

Quisenberry tries hard, sometimes too hard, for the outrageous, and he will be the first to admit he steals good lines. For instance, he's a great fan of a book called *The Profit*, by Kehlog Albran, a takeoff on *The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran. *The Profit* offers such wisdom as "The greatest actor in the world is the male Euphinian termite. Next comes Victor Mature."

Quisenberry performs his off-the-wall humor fairly regularly for the benefit of writers, although he says he gets funnier the deeper the Royals go into a season. A typical Quisenberry interview occurred after he earned his sixth save by getting himself into and out of a scary situation against the Yankees.

Reporter: "Did you know your records this year are actually better than they were at this time last year?"

Quisenberry: "How did you know? I'm into classical this year instead of pop."

Reporter: "Are you trying to disguise your knuckleball?"

Quisenberry: "No, actually, I want to give it away. If the hitters know it's coming, I'm hoping they'll change the swings that got them to the big leagues."

Reporter: "Did the weather affect your performance?"

Quisenberry: "Actually, I think my problem is that I haven't been clipping my toenails properly. The club is after me to change that."

Says Reliever Mike Armstrong, Quisenberry's locker neighbor, "The day I came up he treated me very seriously, telling me how to settle in and everything. But that night, after I heard how he talked to reporters, well, I couldn't believe it. I'd never heard anybody do that before."

"I call him Henny Youngman," says Schuerholz.

Offstage Quisenberry is genuinely funny, with a fine

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Golf is just child's play for the much-improved Quisenberry, who knows all about working his way out of traps.

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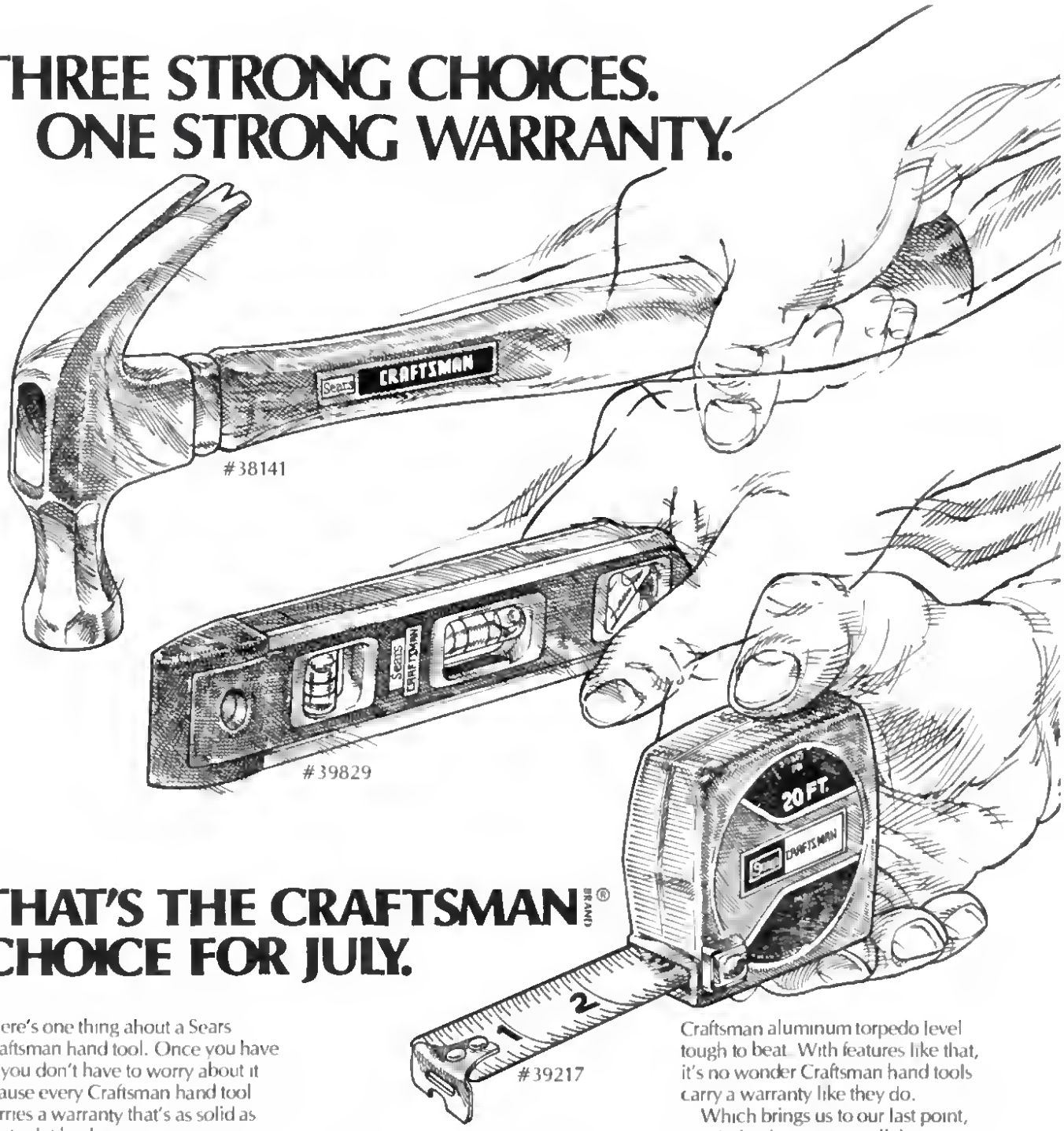

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feel for the absurd. When he's leading someone to his house by car, for instance, he likes to pull up to a huge mansion in the K.C. suburb of Mission Hills, get out and walk to the gate as if it were his. The mansion happens to belong to Ewing Kauffman, who also owns the Royals.

Not long ago Quisenberry went into one of his favorite Kansas City haunts, The Book Shop at Brookside, and greeted the proprietor, Roy Beaty, with "Roy, do you have a copy of the story of the 1981 Royals? Ah, there it is." He walked over to the fiction section and pulled out *The Caine Mutiny*.

When the wine arrives in a restaurant, he may suddenly wax eloquent. "You know, wines are a lot like pitchers. They have good years and bad years. Take this Piesporter, for instance. It had a good year in '81. I think it was just a matter of getting its confidence back."

He can also play the straight man. On a recent Saturday he walked into the New York Bakery & Delicatessen in Kansas City with 3-year-old daughter Alysia in one arm and David in the other and ordered three pastramis on rye and two turkeys on white. The counterman thought he recognized him.

"I know you. You're vid the baseball team, right?"

"No, I'm just an accountant. But people are always telling me I look like Dennis Leonard."

"No, you're not him. I know who you are. You're the relief pitcher, vhathisname, Kveesenberry."

"No, really, I'm an accountant."

"I don't blame you. If I gave up a home run like you did last night, I vouldn't vant to be recognized, either." Quisenberry had, in fact, served up a ninth-inning, game-tying home-run ball to the Indians' Andre Thornton the night before.

THE SIXTH

"I enjoy his sense of humor," says Howser. "I enjoy his pitching even more."

Quisenberry's, of course, is what sets him apart. If you're a batter, you see him wind up like a normal pitcher, but then he pivots, does a fleeting imitation of a flamingo, steps toward third base, pulls his right hand out from what seems like his left back pocket, whips his arm around and throws from what seems like the tops of Third Baseman Brett's shoes. Then he follows through with a little jump that leaves him squarely facing the plate. "He comes," says Milwaukee's Rick Manning, "from a different zone."

Sullivan relieved Quisenberry of his starting chores.

Submariners—a silly way to describe them, actually—are not to be confused with sidearmers. In the minor leagues they call what sidearmers do "throwing Laredo," Laredo being in the bottom of Texas. Quisenberry says his style is more "throwing Sydney."

There used to be more underneathers than there are today. In fact, in the early days of baseball, pitchers weren't allowed to bring their arms above their waists, so Quisenberry and Tekulve can probably claim Candy Cummings and John Montgomery Ward as their ancestors.

Their patron saint of underneathers, if they had such a thing, would be Elden Auker, a successful pitcher in the American League in the '30s and early '40s. Auker, who shares the nickname Big Six with Christy Mathewson, went 18–7 for the Tigers in his best year, 1935. He's alive and well and living in Florida, and he watches Quisenberry on television. The Negro leagues also had a standout submariner, Webster McDonald, during Auker's era. And there was Carl Mays, who, though he won 208 games in 15 major league seasons, is best remembered for a submarine fastball that killed Ray Chapman in 1920.

The supply of below-the-waisters, almost exclusively relievers, began to trickle out in the '50s. Dick Hyde was a leading practitioner and served the Senators well out of the bullpen. Jim Lehew had cups of coffee with the Orioles in '61 and '62. Ted Abernathy had a long and fruitful career from down under, starting with the Senators in '55 and finishing with the Royals in '72, as did Cecil Upshaw, who pitched mostly for the Braves in the '60s and '70s. Tekulve brought the submariner back into prominence in the late '70s by saving games for the Pirates.

Considering the success of Tekulve and Quisenberry and the anatomical and kinesiological soundness of throwing underhand, one might wonder why there aren't more of these fellows in the major leagues. (The arm naturally hangs down; the overhand motion is more stressful on both the bony and soft structures of the shoulder and arm, especially the elbow.) "Most guys would love to throw submarine," says Dave Beard, Oakland's hard-throwing reliever, "but it's a lot harder than it looks. For Quisenberry to be able to get the ball over for strikes with something on it is incredible to me." A few years ago, Don Gullett, the former Reds and Yankees fastballer, was trying to come back from a sore arm and played around with a submarine pitch before giving up altogether.

Much of Quisenberry's effectiveness is derived from batters' unfamiliarity with his motion—it's a good thing for both him and Tekulve that they're in different

leagues. But that doesn't explain all his success.

His control is phenomenal. Last year he walked one batter every 11 innings. The three little words which mean the most to any manager in baseball are he *throws strikes*. Quisenberry throws strikes.

He also throws sinkers. His pitch isn't very fast, 80 to 85 mph, but the ball feels like lead when it hits a bat. He has no secret. He just holds the ball with the seams and lets his arm and wrist do their thing. "He's not tough to put the ball in play against," says Detroit's Alan Trammell. "It's just tough to put it where you want it." Fortunately, in Frank White and U.L. Washington, Quisenberry has an excellent double-play combination out there. "I can sum up my season with 30 saves, 30 strikeouts and 30 great plays behind me," says Quisenberry. He might be even better if his home park had natural grass instead of the fake stuff that turns routine grounders into singles.

And because Quisenberry doesn't strike out many hitters, Howser has to use him differently than he would a flamethrower—an even sillier term than submariner. "I have to bring Dan in one batter earlier than I would a Gossage," says Howser. "I know he's not going to get out of a jam with a strikeout, and the ground ball I want him to get might go through for a hit."

If Quisenberry were a fluke the batters would have caught on by now. But not only does he throw sinkers, he also throws sliders, occasional changeups and, ta-da, knuckleballs. Says Oakland's Rickey Henderson, "I didn't know he had a knuckleball until he threw me one with two strikes at the end of last year. I had no chance. I just froze and let it go by. I stared at him, but he just turned his back. And I'm thinking, 'That's not fair.'"

Says Schuerholz, "He has never stopped in his quest to improve." This year in spring training he talked to Gene Garber, the Braves' sidearmer, about a changeup, but Quisenberry is still only toying with the pitch.

Detroit Pitcher Milt Wilcox is an admirer. "The smartest thing Dan does is come up with a variation of pitches every year," he says. "I watch him. He plays the chess game real well. I don't care what hitters say, they're up there guessing. That's why his variations work."

Quisenberry keeps detailed notes—written from memory usually the day after the game—on each of his outings. Under each entry is the date, the place and the situation and score when he entered the game. On May 8 in Toronto he came in for Steve Renko with the bases loaded and two outs in the eighth and the score 6–1 in K.C.'s favor. He got Lloyd Moseby to ground to short on a "sink (o)"—his notation for an outside sinker. In the ninth, he got into a typical Quisenberry jam. Ernie Whitt hit a sink (m) to second, but White made an error. Rance Mulliniks hit a sink (o) for a single to left. Jesse Barfield struck out on a slide (o). Alfredo Griffin flied out to right on a knuck (i). Dave Collins grounded to second on a sink (m), and Quisenberry had his seventh save.

Something else that distinguishes him from other relievers is his ability to get ready so quickly and frequently. In the summer he takes approximately 10 pitches before he pronounces himself prepared. And he throws nearly every day, whether he's needed or not. "My only worry is getting him enough work," says Howser. "As often as I've checked with him, he's never told me he couldn't pitch that day. Even if I know he's tired, he'll say he can get two or three batters out."

Schaffer says, "If I had to describe him in one word it would be 'loose.' He's got a loose arm. And he's got a loose personality. That's what makes him such a good reliever."

THE SEVENTH

Fred Lynn of the Angels is only kidding when he says, "Maybe if we stole his sense of humor we'd be able to hit Quisenberry better." But there's more than a little truth in his statement.

"Almost every successful relief pitcher I know is a little crazy," says Brewer Reliever Rollie Fingers. "You've got to be nuts to be in this job."

It's hard to figure which comes first, the Goose or the egg. Do free spirits make good relievers, or does relieving free their spirits?

Whatever the case, the job of the short man can be so pressure-packed that unless the pitcher finds some release, he'll crumble. Invariably, his appearance is made at the most stressful time of the game: men on, tight score, everyone depending on him. "If you let a bad outing bother you for too long," says Quisenberry, "you begin seeing videotape replays of the game on the walls of your hotel room."

Last year a writer asked Quisenberry, who had given up a game-winning pinch hit to Angel rookie Daryl Sconiers, if that was the worst possible way to lose a game. "I must have given him 20 worse ways of losing," Quisenberry says. "I said it would be worse if I had balked a runner home all the way from first. If Amos Otis was settling under the last out and an earthquake caused him to miss it, now that would've been worse. I just kept going on and on."

QUIZ VS. THE COMPETITION

This is how Quisenberry compares with other noted relievers from the 1980 season through last week in wins (W), saves (S), appearances (G), innings pitched (IP), hits per inning (H/IP), strikeouts per inning (SO/IP), walks per inning (BB/IP), percentage of games finished (%GF) and ERA.

	W	S	G	IP	H/IP	SO/IP	BB/IP	%GF	ERA
Quisenberry	25	***106***	221	***393***	.95	.32	***.16***	***.91***	2.47
Rollie Fingers	22	80	163	260.2	.84	.77	.25	.81	2.21
Goose Gossage	18	89	278	278	***.71***	***1.06***	.34	.86	***2.04***
Bruce Sutter	24	95	207	332.1	.85	.67	.31	.76	2.76
Kent Tekulve	***28***	50	***242***	329.1	.91	.51	.37	.71	2.84

continued

continued

Quisenberry gets serious by about the sixth inning. "When it gets into his territory," says Schaffer, "he does get worked up. He'll go to the bathroom a time or two. But the rest of us in the bullpen can relax because it's Quiz time."

THE EIGHTH

Quisenberry isn't a flake. O.K., he reads Kehlog Albran, he pretends Ewing Kauffman's house is his, he plays people's teeth, he befriends the spiders in the Cleveland bullpen, he often signs balls, "Dennis Leonard" . . . well, maybe he is a flake.

"I think he qualifies," says Royals Pitcher Paul Splittorff. "He's a little bit strange. Now I like his sense of humor, but the other guys in the clubhouse look at him like, 'What's he talking about?' "

Janie doesn't think her husband is a flake, although she's biased. She actually calls him Quiz and laughs at nearly all his jokes, which takes some doing. "It's only been a few years since I've been able to give jokes back," she says. When she served him lunch one day early this season, Dan asked Janie how it felt to be a mother of three—he being the third. She said, "It's fine now that the oldest has begun to take on more responsibility." If and when she writes her book, as is the craze among baseball wives, she says her title will be *Where's My Relief?* She has an apron asking that very question.

Janie doesn't go to every Royals home game, but she listens to every one she can get her ear to, although, like her husband, she doesn't get excited until it's Quiz Time. "He does have a way of making the game interesting," she says of his brinksmanship. She's shyer than Dan, and only recently has she felt that she belongs in the majors (the hierarchy in the wives' waiting room is sometimes as structured as the hierarchy in the clubhouse). But she now feels comfortable enough to organize a drive to collect canned food for the needy, at Royals Stadium later this summer. That only adds to her juggling act of mother, wife, chauffeur, secretary and accountant, but she doesn't mind. "Janie and Dan have a very complementary relationship," says Marty Quisenberry. "That's a very strong marriage." Marty specializes in family counseling, so he knows one when he sees one.

Quisenberry is Becky Mein's favorite player, and Becky Mein is his favorite fan. "She writes the most beautiful notes, and she does needlepoint for everybody's kids," he says. A 23-year-old college student, Becky has cerebral palsy, and after a game two months ago in Royals Stadium, Quisenberry went to meet her on the plaza level, where he chatted with her and gave her a baseball glove and a kiss. In typical fashion, he kidded her that if Renie Martin were still with the Royals, he would be her favorite player.

Quisenberry is a devout Christian, but even in religion he's sort of off-the-walls-of-Jericho. "We once had a really funny Bible study," says Armstrong. "It was out in California, and his brother Marty was with us. Before one of the games we got together and read from Mark, and we became so dramatic that we had to stop because we were laughing so hard." As Psalms 2 says, "He that sits in heaven shall laugh."

Quisenberry is also a devoted family man, and he has a rather extended family. He keeps in touch with his natural father, a car dealer in Bremerton, Wash., and in fact, all the branches of the tree were in Kansas City last winter for a charity roast of Dan, which benefited a local diabetes foundation.

Quisenberry also spends a great deal of time with his children. While he plays the role of father very well, he hasn't forgotten what it's like to be a kid. After he and Alysia spent part of a recent afternoon stomping on towels to soak up water in the basement, they sat down to play.

"Do you want to build something?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said.

"Shall we build a bullpen?"

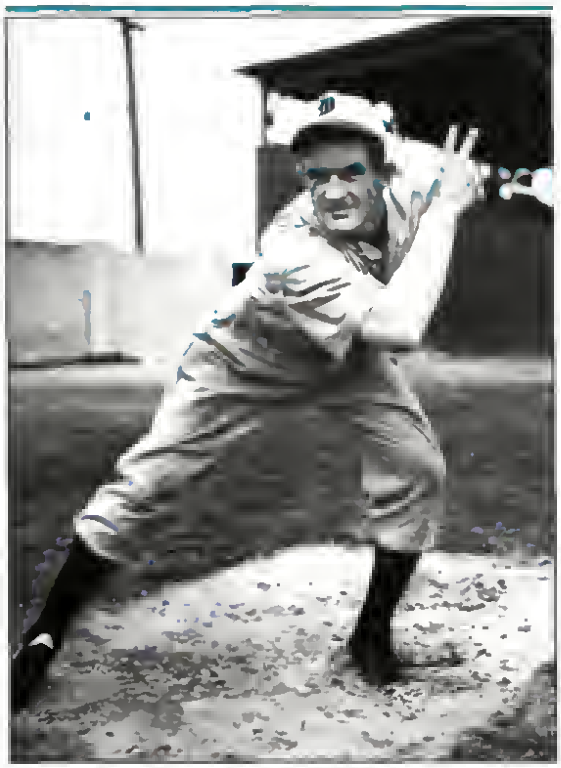
"Yes."

"The one in New York or the one in Detroit?"

"Detwoit."

They proceeded to build a facsimile of a bullpen, complete with bullpen car and fans.

"This is where Daddy works," he said.



At his best, undercoather Auker was 18–7 for the Tigers in 1935

THE NINTH

Because this is the last inning we thought we'd give the ball to Quisenberry. Herewith relief writing by The Australian.

In Kansas City I go out to the bullpen at 7:27. I do that because I used to go out with Renie Martin at that time, and the reason he did that was because his number was 27. I just never changed.

The first thing I do is talk to the right-field fans, just say hi. Then I drop my glove off and go into the grounds crew's office. I tell them the same thing every night—"This is the big leagues now"—just to let them know where they are. I get a cup of coffee and talk to George Toma till the game starts. He tells me what I should do with my Zoisia.

When the game starts I either go to the car or the bench. Then I go to where the action is, wherever there's a good story or a mind game going on. I'm looking to be entertained for the first five or six innings.

continued

NATIONAL NEWS

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Schaffer always stays close to the telephone while baby-sitting the Australian and his five brethren.

QUISENBERRY

continued

You can have some fun out there. When Marty Pattin pitched for us, he'd bring popcorn. He was also the best duck talker I've ever heard, which is how he got his nickname. Anytime you got Duck to talk duck it was worthwhile. We loved to go to Toronto because then Duck would do both national anthems in duck.

I also like to sit and watch opposing outfielders play the rightfield wall in Kansas City. The fence is in a quarter circle, so you have to play the ball as if you were a right wing in hockey and it was coming around the boards. It's like a cartoon. First you see the outfielder disappear to the left, then you see the ball go past in the other direction, and then you see the outfielder chasing it.

Kansas City's is, of course, my favorite bullpen, but I also like Baltimore's, New York's, Milwaukee's and Boston's. I don't like any bullpen that's not enclosed because you're afraid to throw a nasty slider when you're warming up. If it got away, you'd disrupt the game. The things you look for in a good bullpen are 1) area to graze, 2) freedom to throw a pitch without having it get away, 3) access to the scoreboard, 4) diversions, 5) a bathroom and 6) proper distance from the fans. The only thing Cleveland has that I like is diversion. The bullpen there used to have these big, hairy spiders—Louie was one of them. This year we noticed that they were gone, although they have left some offspring. But they're not even ready to shave yet.

The dominant personality in the bullpen is Jim Schaffer, Muggsy. He's got to be the best bullpen coach in the game, although I've only had two, so what do I know? He's a great baby-sitter. I don't think he ever thought he'd be the father of six kids, six boys to boot. He's a good disciplinarian, but he never has to spank us. He never leaves his chair, but he knows where we are at all times. And he always has a good bedtime story for us.

Last year Mike Armstrong and Bill Castro were warming up when the phone rang. It was Cloyd Boyer, the pitching coach, and he asked Schaf who was ready. He said, "They're both ready." Then C.B. said, "Which one looks better?" And Schaf said, "They're both pretty ugly."

One thing I like to watch for in the bullpen is The Look. Whenever the alarm goes off during a game, somebody gets this look in his eye, depending on where we are in the game. The Look is a stare that goes for 30 yards and focuses on nothing. I know I get it. Your mind starts playing visions of embarrassment and greatness against each other, and you become a blend of fear and hope and confidence. When the danger's passed, The Look goes away. You breathe a sigh of relief but also a sigh of disappointment because you wanted to be in the game.

I feel a lot of responsibility, more than I used to. If I lost I used to be able to think it away easier. I could accept the result if I'd thrown a good pitch.

It's not that easy anymore. I feel more guilty if things don't go right. I think about the starting pitcher and the fans and the owner and the general manager and the friends and relatives who are going to read the paper the next morning, and the guys who built up the lead. Everybody expects me to close up shop nicely, and I feel guilty when I don't.

I don't want to sound depressing, and I'm only talking about maybe 10% of the games I'm in that I don't do the job. It's just that I've come to expect a lot more out of myself. So when everything goes right, and I get the save, I'm the one who's saved.

Early in the season, we killed a night off in Cleveland by writing a song. Ron Johnson was then our Black & Decker—our tool, our bullpen catcher—and he's pretty good with a guitar, so we came up with something called Secret Bullpen Man, *which is sung to the tune of* Secret Agent Man, *the old song by Johnny Rivers. In the song we make fun of each other's inadequacies. Everybody is lit up in this thing, and some of it would be pretty embarrassing. But the chorus is, "Secret Bullpen Man, Secret Bullpen Man,/ You can always call his number,/ But don't put him in the game." The song ends with us singing, "No, no, not me,/ No, no, not you./ No, no, not him." Here's my verse:*

"The ace down here is Dan
Quisenberry.
He likes to make the games kind
of scary.
He's got a bag of tricks.
But mostly takes his licks
He makes the skipper head
straight for the sherry."

It has a good beat and you can dance to it. I give it an 85.

It's funny. The bullpen is a closed environment, but I get a sense of freedom there that I don't get in the dugout or the clubhouse. I guess I just like being locked in a closet, taking verbal abuse from a lot of hostile people. END

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Why Sports Illustrated subscribers keep coming back...

August 27, 1982.—County Stadium, Milwaukee.

Photos by Heinz Kluetmeier

Doc Medich, the Milwaukee pitcher, had walked Rickey Henderson on four straight balls in the third inning of the Brewers' game with the Oakland A's... .and now, reluctantly, he stood to become a part of baseball history. .The walk Medich issued Henderson... put him on first base, 90 feet from breaking Lou Brock's 8-year-old major league record of 118 stolen bases in a season.

Medich and his catcher, Ted Simmons, had the downcast aspect of persons about to become answers to a trivia question.

. .Henderson was off with the first pitch, running head down with furious choppy strides towards immortality... Simmons had called a pitchout, and he bounded out to his left, away from the plate... and threw hard to second

Milwaukee Shortstop Robin Yount caught the ball on the first-base side of second and swept down with his glove hand at Henderson, who was in the dirt now, crash-landing on his chest with his arms extended and his batting helmet flying off toward left field. Second base umpire Mike Reilly gave the "safe" sign... Henderson, with the dust still flying, wrenched the bag loose from its moorings and held it aloft in triumph.—Ron Fimrite, SI—September 6, 1982

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 27–July 3

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

CREW—At the 144th Henley Royal Regatta in England, LONDON ROWING CLUB & UNIVERSITY OF LONDON defeated Cambridge to win the Grand Challenge Cup for elite eights. The only U.S. winner was Harvard, which defeated Oxford's Isis Boat Club for the Ladies' Challenge Plate.

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL. In the last week of the regular season, Michigan won the Central Division crown and Chicago the wild-card berth for the playoffs, which begin this week. On Friday the Panthers, Chicago and Tampa Bay were tied with 11–6 records, but since Michigan had fared best in games among the three, all it had to do was win to clinch the division title. No problem. Led by Wide Receiver Anthony Carter, who took a Bobby Hebert pass 68 yards for a touchdown, and Running Back Ken Lacy, who passed for one TD and ran for another, the Panthers trounced Arizona 33–7. Chicago earned the wild-card spot when Tampa Bay lost 29–17 to Birmingham and the Blitz beat Pacific Division champ Oakland 31–7 with Safety Don Schwartz returning an interception 45 yards for a touchdown. Finally, in a game that meant nothing, Atlantic Division leader Philadelphia was a big zero, losing 21–14 to Washington.

GOLF—HOLLIS STACY shot an 11-under-par 277 to win a $250,000 LPGA event in Pointe Claire, Quebec, two strokes ahead of JoAnne Carner and Alice Miller.

SOCCER—NASL. Vancouver came to Giants Stadium with an eight-game winning streak and the best record in the league, but lost 3–0 to the Cosmos when Midfielder Vladislav Bogicevic scored one goal and set up the other two. The win put the Cosmos ahead of Toronto in the Eastern Division and whittled Vancouver's edge in the overall points race to 13. "We feel we have the best team in the league," said Cosmo Rick Davis after the win, "even though sometimes we play like the worst." Prophetic words indeed. Two nights later Chicago's Pato Margetic scored against the Cosmos 39 seconds into the game, and the Sting, third in the East, went on to win 5–2. Despite the loss, Cabanas scored one goal to take the league scoring lead from teammate Giorgio Chinaglia, who for the second straight week was in Italy on business. Toronto lost 2–0 to Montreal to keep the Cosmos on top in the division by nine points. Vancouver, meanwhile, beat San Diego 3–0 to move 50 points ahead of Golden Bay, second in the Western Division. Tulsa continued to lead the Southern Division despite a 2–1 loss to San Diego. The Roughnecks recovered to beat Seattle 2–1.

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE beat unseeded Chris Lewis 6–2, 6–2, 6–2 to win the men's singles title at Wimbledon. MARTINA NAVRATILOVA won the women's crown for the fourth time by defeating Andrea Jaeger 6–0, 6–3. With partner PETER FLEMING, McENROE also won the men's doubles title 6–4, 6–3, 6–4 over Tom and Tim Gullikson. NAVRATILOVA teamed with PAM SHRIVER to beat Rosie Casals and Wendy Turnbull 6–2, 6–2 in women's doubles, and JOHN LLOYD and TURNBULL beat Billie Jean King and Steve Denton 6–7, 7–6, 7–5 in mixed doubles (*page 20*).

TRACK & FIELD—In Colorado Springs, CALVIN SMITH shattered Jim Hines's 15-year-old world record in the 100-meter dash by .02 of a second with a 9.93; EVELYN ASHFORD ran the women's 100 in 10.79 to break the world mark set by Marlies Göhr in June by .02; ASHFORD also teamed with ALICE BROWN, DIANE WILLIAMS and CHANDRA CHEESEBOROUGH to break their eight-day-old U.S. record in the women's 4 × 100 relay by .02, with a time of 41.61; and LORI McCAULEY ran the 400-meter hurdles in 55.69 to break Sharieffa Barksdale's American women's record, set in May, by .09 (*page 28*).

MILEPOSTS—FINED. By Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, Los Angeles Dodger Reliever STEVE HOWE, 25, $53,867, equal to his pay for the 30 days he was unavailable to play because of a second round of drug treatment. The fine is the largest ever imposed on a player.

SIGNED—To a five-year agreement, Cincinnati Bengals Wide Receiver CRIS COLLINSWORTH, 24, to play for the USFL Tampa Bay Bandits after his NFL contract expires in 1985.

STRIPPED. By the WBC of his super featherweight title, BOBBY CHACON, 31, for refusing to defend the crown against Hector Camacho (*page 56*).

TRADED. By the New York Knicks, Forward SLY WILLIAMS, 25, to the Atlanta Hawks for Swingman RUOY MACKLIN, 25, by the Seattle SuperSonics, Forward LONNIE SHELTON, 27, to the Cleveland Cavaliers for a 1983 second-round draft pick and cash, by the Boston Celtics, Center RICK ROBEY, 27, and two 1983 second-round draft choices to the Phoenix Suns for Guard DENNIS JOHNSON, 28, and first- and second-round draft selections in 1983; by the Kansas City Kings, the rights to 1983 first-round pick Guard ENNIS WHATLEY, 20, and to Forward CHRIS McNEALY, 21, and a 1984 second-round draft choice to the Chicago Bulls for Forward MARK OLBEROING, 26, and the rights to Forward LARRY MICHEAUX, 23, by the Washington Bullets, rookie Swingman RANDY WITTMAN, 24, to the Hawks for Forward TOM McMILLEN, 31, by the Dallas Mavericks, rookie Guard OIRK MINNIEFIELD, 22, to the New Jersey Nets for second-round draft selections in 1986 and '87, and by the Cavaliers, Forward LARRY ANDERSON, 22, and Center LES CRAFT, 22, to the San Diego Clippers for a future second-round draft pick.

By the Green Bay Packers, Tight End JOHN THOMPSON, 26, to the Los Angeles Rams for an undisclosed future draft choice, by the Buffalo Bills, Offensive Guard REGGIE McKENZIE, 32, to the Seattle Seahawks for a future pick, and by the Cincinnati Bengals, Center BLAIR BUSH, 26, to the Seahawks for a future draft pick.

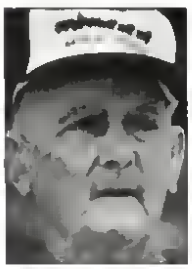
DIED. JOE DELANEY, 24, running back for the Kansas City Chiefs, of drowning while trying to rescue three boys from a Monroe, La. pond. Delaney, the Chiefs' No. 2 draft choice in 1981, was the NFL Offensive Rookie of the Year that season.

MAXIE ANDERSON, 48, one of three men who in 1978 piloted the first hot-air balloon across the Atlantic Ocean, of injuries sustained during a balloon race when his craft crashed near Schweinfurt, West Germany. DON IDA, 49, also died in the crash.

CREDITS

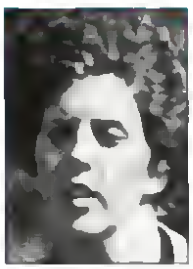
4—Douglas S. Looney. 16—Illustration by Sam Q. Weissman. 20,21—Steve Powell. 22,23—Russ Adams (right), Steve Powell (2). 24—Fred Mullane, Walter Iooss Jr. (inset). 25—Russ Adams. 26,27—Jacqualine Duvoisin (top), Manny Millan. 28,29—Travis Spradling, The Colorado Springs Sun (top), Eric Bakke-The Denver Post. 30—Walter Iooss Jr. (top), David H. Schreiber, The Colorado Springs Sun. 35—David H. Schreiber, The Colorado Springs Sun. 65—Roy Hobson. 66—William Hart. 67—Peter Read Miller. 68—David Lee Waite, Linda Platt (inset). 69—Peter Read Miller (bottom). 82—Bill Lustar. 70,73—Rich Clarkson. 76—Peter Read Miller. 86—Carl Skalak. 88—AP. 93—St. Louis Globe Democrat, Anna Moore Butzner, The Grand Rapids Press, James Thresher.

FACES IN THE CROWD



VERN KENNEDY
MENDON, MO

Kennedy, 76, who was a major league pitcher for 12 years, won the discus, the shotput, the football throw, the softball throw and the javelin in the U.S. Senior Olympics 75-and-over division. He had won the Penn Relays decathlon 56 years ago.



JESSICA SCHRIER
GRANDVILLE, MICH.

Jessica, a senior at Calvin Christian High, pitched three consecutive no-hitters, tying a national high school record. Those performances brought her season no-hit total to five (the national high school mark is six) and her career total to seven.

DARREN HOLMES
SKYLAND, N.C.

Darren, a junior at T.C. Roberson High, led the Rams to the state Class AAA baseball title with a 14–1 record that included three no-hitters, two of them back to back. He also batted .329 and hit two homers in the state tournament finals.

JON LUGBILL
FAIRFAX, VA.

Lugbill, 22, was first in the men's slalom single canoe race at the World White-Water Kayak and Canoe Championships in Merano, Italy to become the sport's first six-time world titlist. He has won two golds in each of the last three championships.

DONNA WILLIAMS
FORT MYERS, FLA.

Donna, a senior at Riverdale High, won the discus, with a girls' state-record throw of 146' 11", and shotput (47' 2½") in the state championships. Earlier she had set the state girls' high school shot mark at the regionals with a put of 48' 2½".

CHUCK NAGLE
HANOVER, N.H.

Nagle, 28, coached the women's crew at Dartmouth to an 8–1 record, its best ever, after it had finished last season 0–9, its worst ever. The Big Green won its first Ivy League title and placed second in the national championships.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ROBERTO DURAN

Sir:

Thank you for William Nack's article on Roberto Duran's victory over Davey Moore (*He That Was Lost Has Been Found*, June 27). Even though Duran had lost to Wilfred Benitez and then to an almost unknown Kirkland Laing, we Duran fans had never given up hope. Ray Arcel's comment after the Moore fight was perfect: "Ah, he was *an* artist." If there has been a bigger comeback in boxing, I would like to know of it.

BRIAN LAKATOSH
Fogelsville, Pa.

Sir:

Roberto Duran has finally silenced his critics and laid to rest the *no más* chapter of his boxing career. I hope his thrashing of Davey Moore proved once and for all that, pound for pound, he is the best fighter who ever lived.

STEVE BEALS
Glendale, Calif.

Sir:

While I enjoyed William Nack's fine article on the comeback of Roberto Duran, I still wonder what all the hoopla is about. Does beating up an inexperienced "champion" with a mere 12 fights to his credit really make up for the *no más* disgrace in New Orleans? No. Is Duran really the Duran of old, and could he avenge his embarrassing loss to Sugar Ray Leonard? No. And can Duran last a full fight with Marvin Hagler, let alone actually win? Seriously now. . .

JACK BUNGART
Merced, Calif.

Sir:

You have missed the whole point of Duran's fall from grace. After he quit *in* the Leonard fight, it was not his fighting skills that were questioned, but his heart. When he beat Davey Moore, he did not show any heart, only the skills and experience that had made him a good fighter. When he is able to take the kind of beating that he inflicted on Moore and keep fighting gamely as Moore did, then and only then will he have redeemed himself.

WALTER MIDDLETON
Brownwood, Texas

Sir:

I was horrified by the pictures you printed of the Duran-Moore fight. They showed one man being brutalized and severely injured by another in the name of sport. In view of SI's recent special report suggesting that progressive brain damage is suffered by boxers, including the charismatic Muhammad Ali, I would have thought that you would have discussed Moore's injuries in greater detail.

Those pictures clearly demonstrated that a civilized society should ban boxing altogether, or devise adequate rules and equipment to protect the unfortunate participants.

TOBEY W. KACZENSKY
Rockville, Md.

Sir:

Roberto Duran's brutal beating of Davey Moore demonstrated that all the headgear, 12-round bouts and mandatory eight-counts in the world cannot undo the damage caused by an inept referee and an overly optimistic corner. Allowing a courageous but thoroughly beaten Moore to accept more punishment when he was plainly unable to summon the strength to hurt Duran only resulted in a sickening spectacle. Ringside physicians *must* be allowed to intervene to save fighters from the consequences of such callousness.

ROBERT GRESHES
Lake Grove, N.Y.

Sir:

Your cover photograph of Roberto Duran "mauling" Davey Moore's face is a perfect example of why professional boxing should be abolished.

MICHAEL E. LENNARTZ
Milwaukee

OAKMONT'S OPEN

Sir:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins for another exceptional article (*Lord, Nelson Was Tougher Than the Iron Men*, June 27). He captured the drama of this year's U.S. Open while pointing out the one deficiency, a poorly planned, ludicrously brutal layout.

The courses used for the British Open provide a better battle. When at war, one must always have the option of an all-out, desperate charge to victory. Merely hoping to come out even, as players were forced to do at Oakmont, is a no-win proposition.

CRAIG ROSE
Pacifica, Calif.

Sir:

What makes golf a unique sport is that it pits man against nature, including the elements, and, ultimately, the golf course itself. Consequently, the champions of the game have always been players who had the ability to adapt their individual strengths to the course at hand, while minimizing their relative weaknesses. I found it compelling to watch the world's best golfers do battle with the intricate and often dastardly course at Oakmont Country Club. To suggest that the course eliminated many aspects of the players' game, such as driving and pitching, is to do an injustice to the many talented and complete players on the PGA tour. It seems unfair to hold the course at Oakmont primarily responsible for the less than spectacular scores at the 1983 Open, as many of the media and players have done. Rather, attention should be focused on Larry Nelson, a truly deserving champion, for his sterling play within the limits of his capabilities.

GEORGE FETKOVICH
Oakmont, Pa.

Sir:

Dr. Gil Morgan's name was conspicuously absent from your U.S. Open story. As the third-place finisher and one of only three men to tame par for the tournament, surely he deserved some mention.

MARK DALE
Oklahoma City

JACKIE ROBINSON

Sir:

Jules Tygiel's two-part article on Jackie Robinson (*Beyond the Point of No Return*, June 20 and 27) brought back many memories. As a Brooklyn high school pitcher in the late '40s and a Dodger fanatic, I learned that Robinson and Roy Campanella worked out during the winter at the Harlem YMCA. I wrote to them there and, to my surprise, was invited to work out with them, something I did on a number of Saturday mornings before they left for spring training. It was the thrill of a lifetime. I'll never forget Robinson's determination to advance the cause of his race despite constant threats to his personal safety. Reporters interviewed him at the Y about what might happen to him as the team played its way back home from the South to Brooklyn. No matter how great the impending danger appeared to be, he never wavered or backed down from his mission. As a physician, I have been exposed to many great scientists and healers, but never to a greater man than Jack Roosevelt Robinson.

GERALD (FUZZY) FENDRICK, M.D.
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir:

In a year that marks the 100th anniversary of our great bridge, we Brooklynites are proud that Brooklyn was also where the color barrier was broken in major league baseball. I remember that day in 1947 very well, and I was just as proud then as I am today. As the article says, Jackie Robinson was the ideal man for the job and Brooklyn was the ideal place.

ROBERT E. LEVINE
Brooklyn

JOHN BASSETT'S DAUGHTER

Sir:

I'd like to propose a toast: Here's to life, love, happiness and Carling Bassett. Barry McDermott's article (*Here's Carling. Her*

continued

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Daddy's Darling, June 27) was written so well it sounded like a fairy tale. Every kid who ever picked up a tennis racket dreams about everything Carling has accomplished. It's a shame this can't happen more often, but it's a comfort to know that it's happening to someone as loving and caring as Carling.

ADAM HOLLIS
Melville, N.Y.

Sir:

What a pleasant surprise to open my copy of your June 27 issue and find the article on Carling Bassett and her family. I commend Barry McDermott for an excellent story. I saw Carling almost beat Chris Evert Lloyd, and I agree with Greg Breunich that she will be No. 1 in the world.

ERIC HALLERBERG
Pampa, Texas

Sir:

It was good to read that Carling Bassett is still a child and that she wants to be treated like one. It's clear that she will soon be a pro tennis star, but as long as she remains the way she is she'll never be a rich brat who takes the world for granted. John McEnroe could take a few lessons. Fine story.

FLOYDE COOK
Patterson, La.

Sir:

The article on Tampa Bay Bandits owner John Bassett and his daughter Carling was something I would have expected to find in a teen-age magazine, not SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I was sickened to read about a 15-year-old who plays tennis and holds hands with country club boys. The only interesting part of the story concerned Bassett's obsession with losing money in worthless leagues such as the USFL, which no doubt will fold in the very near future.

KEN BECK
Arlington, Mass.

HOWARD SUTTON'S SON

Sir:

Ivan Maisel wrote a fine article about Hal Sutton and his father, Howard (*It's a Father-Son Game*, June 20). I was an undergraduate at Centenary while Hal was leading the Gents to national prominence in golf. Although he was surrounded by a talented team and had an excellent coach, Floyd Horgen, Hal was definitely, if I may borrow from Reggie Jackson, "the straw that stirred the drink."

In spite of that, however, Hal was gracious to other students. He was not an aloof athlete, but a down-to-earth guy who always had a few minutes to chat. I remember the rest of his family as being the same way: warm, friendly and cordial.

MERRILL C. WAUTLET JR.
New Orleans

THE SAMPSON TWINS

Sir:

In the June 20 issue, reader Gary Pine told the story of the Barnett brothers, who, among other things, were the first brothers to finish one-two in an NAIA track and field championship event. Other readers might be interested to know that that feat was repeated during this year's championship meet, which was contested in late May. Twin brothers Aaron and Adrian Sampson of Southern Utah State College placed first and second, respectively, in the long jump. Another Southern Utah State trackster, Will James, placed fifth in the same event, giving the Thunderbirds three of the top five long jumpers at this year's meet.

MICHAEL L. CHIDESTER
Cedar City, Utah

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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